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No. 1

THE VNFORTVNATE TRAVELLER

BY THOMAS NASHE

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The Percy Reprints

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THE VNFORTVNATE TRAVELLER

THE VNFORTVNATE TRAVELLER

or

The Life of Jacke Wilton

By THOMAS NASHE

Edited by H. F. B. BRETT-SMITH

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INTRODUCTION

THOMAS NASHE, son of a Suffolk minister, was born at Lowestoft in 1567, and matriculated at St. John's College, Cambridge, on October 13, 1582, being first a sizar and later a scholar of that house. He claimed [1] that it was well known he might have been a fellow of St. John's at will, but however this may be, the larger life beckoned him, and he left Cambridge for London. There he made some figure in literary circles, wrote prefaces to Greene's *Menaphon* and Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*, completed Marlowe's *Dido* and produced a couple of plays of his own, took a hand on the bishops' side in the Martin Marprelate controversy, engaged in a notable pamphlet war with Gabriel Harvey, and wrote a few satirical prose pieces, some lyrics, a realistic novel, and his *Lenten Stuffe* in praise of Yarmouth and the Red Herring. This last was printed in 1599, and in 1601 there appeared in Charles Fitzgeffrey's *Affaniæ* a Latin epigram on Nashe's death. Where he died, or when, or how, we do not know.

His own age thought of Nashe chiefly as a satirist; his quarrel with Harvey made him famous, and the general character of his work was not pacific. Dekker imagined him in the other world 'still haunted with the sharpe and *Satyricall spirit* that followd him heere vpon *earth*,' and

[1] In *Have with you to Saffron-Walden*, 1596.

the author of *The Return from Parnassus* as 'a fellow . . . that carryed the deadly stockado in his pen, whose muse was armed with a gagtooth and his pen possest with *Hercules* furies.' He had indeed a zest in battle, and a curious knack in the coining of an abusive epithet, that marked him for the lists, and all his work exhibits that premature fitness for the higher journalism which in our own day would have saved many an Elizabethan writer from poverty and contempt.

The Unfortunate Traveller passed through two editions only, both in 1594, though a longer run might have been expected from its deliberate attempt to combine popular matter in a novel form. At that time there existed various current models for a prose tale. Lyly's *Euphues* had won a passing triumph by its sententious didacticism and outrageous elaboration of style; Nashe had met with the book long since in the first flush of its fame, and had succumbed like other undergraduates. '*Euphues* I readd when I was a little ape in Cambridge, and then I thought it was *Ipse ille:* it may be excellent good still, for ought I know, for I lookt not on it this ten yeare: but to imitate it I abhorre.'[1] Sidney's *Arcadia* had been printed in 1590, and Greene's prose romances during the previous decade; Nashe was familiar enough with the work of both men, but the unreality of pastoral or idyll was not for him. Sidney and Greene had found in unknown kingdoms an escape from the life they knew, but Nashe welcomed no illusions, and held fiercely to realism. The earlier matter of the Arthurian and Carlovingian cycles he frankly scorned as 'fantasticall dreames' and 'feyned no where acts.'[2] Neither in mediaeval nor in Elizabethan

[1] *Strange Newes*, 1592.
[2] *The Anatomie of Absurditie*, 1589.

romance could be found that moving reality of life for which he craved, but in the motley streets of London, and the pages of those Italian novelists whom his contemporaries translated and digested with never-ending zest.

The literature of clever roguery begins early and reaches far; there were various examples to be had, from the European popularity of a mythical Reynard the Fox or Tyll Eulenspiegel, down to the genuine professional rascals of the *Liber Vagatorum* [1] or Awdeley's *Fraternitye of Vacabondes*.[2] Parts of Awdeley's book had been embodied by Harman in his *Caueat for Commen Cursetors*,[3] and the coney-catching pamphlet had been popularised further by the work of Greene. Nashe discarded them all; Reynard and Owlglass were out of date, and he passed by the text-books of knavery, preferring to depict the thing itself.

Two literary models, however, were nearer to his purpose, though his work resembles neither: the Italian *novelle*, and the history of Lazarillo de Tormes. The *novelle* could not but appeal to him, as to all Elizabethans; their lucid analysis of human motive and conduct, so clear, so detached, and yet so vital in portraiture of men and deeds, was a continual source of wonder and delight to our conscience-ridden northern race. The position of Lazarillo is somewhat different; it was first translated into English by David Rouland of Anglesey, and though the earliest surviving issue is dated 1586, Gabriel Harvey was given a copy by Spenser in 1578,[4] and the version was entered on the Stationers' Register as early as 1568–9. Nashe could hardly have missed a book which brought such a reputation

[1] *Circa* 1510. [2] 1561. [3] 1567.

[4] The authority for this is Harvey's partly-effaced MS. note in his copy of *Howleglas* preserved in the Bodleian, 4° z.3. art. Seld.

with it, and was moreover a new thing, the first tale of its kind. But he went his own way, and too much has been made of the picaresque element in his work: the little Spaniard of Tejares, the first *picaro* of literature, would hardly recognise Jack Wilton as a nephew; they are not of the same blood.

Lazaro, son of a washerwoman, apprentice to a blind beggar, servant in turn to many masters and starved by them all, spends the earlier part of his life in a miserable conflict with hunger, and the latter in a replete and greasy satisfaction. He reaches the summit of his ambition as a petty government official, growing fat on the corrupt profits of an inspectorship of wine, and we leave him at the close a *mari complaisant* in the house of an Archpriest in Toledo, wedded to one of his master's servant girls, and enjoying to the full his favour, his dinners, and his cast shoes.

With such a rascal Jack Wilton has nothing in common but a varied and wandering existence, and whereas the Spaniard travelled only in Spain, and from necessity, the Englishman did it from a lively curiosity, and made the grand tour. His poverty in the opening scenes is not the gnawing hunger of the beggar, which drove Lazaro to steal loaves and small change, but the chronic impecuniosity of the undergraduate or the nobleman's page, a jest in itself, and finding its relief in jest. Lazaro stole bread for dear life, while Jack Wilton secured free drinks for an army by a practical joke on the canteen. Like Nashe himself he was often hard up, but never so hard up as to lose the zest of the amateur. In fine, Jack Wilton, unscrupulous rascal as he may be, was a hanger-on of aristocracy, capable on occasion of sustaining the dignity of an earl, and extorting from society only so much plunder as was reasonably his due.

Even in the matter of Diamante the difference is obvious; she was no servant girl, but the widow of a Venetian magnifico, and Jack Wilton acts on a moral scruple of reparation, while Lazaro buys a comfort that he can appreciate at the cost of a self-respect he has never felt, and is naturally pleased with the bargain.

This point of morality marks another essential difference from the Italian or Spanish tales. Don Diego Hurtado de Mendoza had related the adventures of his rascal in a strictly scientific spirit, and the *novelle* preserved the same temper in their pictures of a more coloured and varied world. Both were content with sheer description, as accurate and vivid as might be, and praise or rebuke was no part of their mission, whose only object was to hold a mirror up to the panorama of life. The fascination of such an attitude was strongly felt by the Elizabethans, as their drama shows, but they could not resist raising hands and eyebrows when they came to deal with Italian crime. In this Nashe was the child of his age and race, and he used the impulse as a journalist will; Italy was as much a bugbear to him as to Roger Ascham or Lyly; 'Italionate wit' is but a phrase for such devilry as Venice could teach, and he roundly asserts that 'it is nowe a priuie note amongst the better sort of men, when they would set a singular marke or brand on a notorious villaine, to say, he hath beene in *Italy*.'[1] But he used his material for the purpose of thrilling his readers even more than of edifying them, and worked up carefully to a culminating point. The terrible fate of Heraclide had already been told, and the execution of Zadoch described in every ghastly detail, but the story of Cutwolfe's revenge was to be his masterpiece: 'Prepare your eares and your teares, for neuer tyll this thrust I anie

[1] p. 97.

tragecall matter vpon you.'[1] The assassin's execution follows hard upon it with new horrors, and then, not to weaken the effect, the book is concluded in less than a score of lines. As an example of the horrible, the Cutwolfe episode may be crude and over-wrought, but it does not lack force, and the revenger's care in shooting his victim suddenly in the throat, to prevent the utterance of any word of repentance after blasphemy, may be commended to the notice of those critics who suspect Hamlet of over-nicety in refusing to murder Claudius at his prayers.

The Unfortunate Traveller is popular journalism in more than its gruesomeness, for there is hardly a commonplace of Elizabethan sentiment that does not appear in it. That love of pageantry which preserved so long the trappings of an outworn chivalry is shown in the tedious description of the panoply of Surrey and his opponents, and Surrey again stands for the whole spirit of the courtly love modelled on Petrarch and expressed by countless sonneteers. The delight in dress, and an eager curiosity in depicting it, are plain enough in the vivid portrait of the page's habit on his return from France, and the foolish captains whom he cozened were welcome to an age which was to acclaim Bessus and Parolles and Bobadill. The type was indeed well known, and could be studied any day in Paul's, but Nashe's description is masterly in its minutiae of gesture: 'Oh my Auditors, had you seene him how he stretcht out his lims, scratcht his scabd elbowes at this speach, how hee set his cap ouer his ey-browes like a polititian, and then folded his armes one in another, and nodded with the head, as who would say, let the French beware for they shall finde me a diuell: if (I say) you had seene but halfe the action that he vsed, of shrucking vp his shoulders,

[1] p. 115.

smiling scornfully, playing with his fingers on his buttons, and biting the lip; you wold haue laught your face and your knees together.'[1]

The vigorous hyperbolical descriptions of the sweating sickness, the battlefield of Marignano, and the magic of Cornelius Agrippa were all intended for popularity, and Nashe is equally capable of falling to his fit of preaching for half a dozen pages, and meeting the Anabaptists on their own ground. Pedantry at the Universities, and their ill success in entertaining royalty, were stock subjects of satire under Elizabeth and James, and made a basis for an attack on bad acting which anticipates Hamlet, and is but another proof of the educated dramatic taste of the day. Nashe was careful to lay his scene in Wittenberg, but this did not save him, and from the laboured defence he issued in the same year it is evident that his readers had applied the lesson nearer home.[2]

Finally, travellers' tales were then as eagerly read as travellers' follies were mocked, and Nashe makes his profit out of either taste. All the wonders of Rome, its ruins and modern luxury, its plagues, banditti, jealousies and murders are used to the full, and we are spared no detail of horror from rape to torture, no melodramatic motive from the wicked Jew's revenge, or the chance poisoning of a Pope's mistress, to vivisection, the vendetta, signing of souls to the devil, and breaking alive upon the wheel. If ever author made a deliberate attempt to hit the popular taste, it is here. Yet at the same time he panders to popular distrust of the travellers who brought home such entertainment; Jack Wilton at his first coming to Rome, like Portia's young English baron, imitated four or five sundry

[1] p. 17.
[2] *Christs Teares over Jerusalem, ed.* 1594, *To the Reader.*

nations in his attire at once, and Nashe spends a solid half-dozen pages [1] on the folly and danger of a voyage to the Sodom of Italy, out of which his repentant sinner hastened so fast.

But with all these bids for short-lived success, Nashe did one thing which even by itself would give him a permanent niche in the history of English literature, for whether or no he was our first true picaresque writer, he certainly founded our historical novel. To him belongs the credit of placing an imaginary hero among real personages of the past, and it is no such long way from the Earl of Surrey and Geraldine, Jack Wilton and Cornelius Agrippa, to the Earl of Leicester and Amy Robsart, Sir Richard Varney and Alasco. Naturally, in attempting 'some reasonable conueyance of historie' in his 'phantasticall Treatise,' he takes plenty of liberties with fact,[2] but Erasmus and Sir Thomas More, Jan of Leyden and Luther and Pietro Aretino lend colour and interest to a tale that leads us from Tournay to Windsor, from Marignano and Wittenberg and Rome to the close at Bologna and Guisnes. The structure of the book, it is true, has been accused of incoherence, and is chaotic enough if we expect a formal scheme; but its inconsequence is that of life, which never proceeds according to plan, and Wilton's career is the quivering wire on which the medley of incident is strung. For mere consistency of detail Nashe cared no more than Shakespeare [3]; both were content if their public noticed nothing wrong, and the public wisely leaves such matters to editors, and reads for the tale alone.

[1] pp. 92–8.

[2] See Dr. McKerrow's notes *passim*, and Courthope's *History of English Poetry*, vol. ii. p. 77.

[3] See note to p. 111, ll. 25–6.

To Shakespeare Nashe has not infrequently been likened by historians of the English novel. Sir Walter Raleigh thinks that 'the strongest and best of his writing . . . merits this high praise—it is likest of all others to Shakespeare's prose writing,' and M. Jusserand has thrown out the ingenious suggestion that Falstaff is a compound of the wit of Jack Wilton and the body of the cider-merchant at Térouanne. There goes more than this to the making of Falstaff, but incalculable floating matter was impounded in that giant bulk, and it can at least be said in support of both critics that we get one sentence from his Sidership that is in the very burthen of Sir John. 'Oh (quoth he), 'I am bought and sold for dooing my Countrey such good seruice as I haue done. They are afraid of me, because my good deedes haue brought me into such estimation with the Comminaltie. I see, I see, it is not for the lambe to liue with the wolfe.' Who is there that, reading this outburst, does not instinctively await the Chief Justice's reply?

Nashe had, in fact, along with the baser parts of journalism, that one sovereign gift, the faculty of racy and coloured speech. True, it is an unquiet prose, restless and self-conscious, rhetorical often or turgid, and the very opposite of the lucid flow of the *novelle* or the calm sufficiency of Mendoza. But there is a virility in it that atones for much. 'In was Captaine gogs wounds brought,' says Nashe, and the blustering nameless prisoner stands before us at once. Casual phrases, such as 'a Lowce (that was anie Gentlemans companion)' give the whole sordidness of a campaign in a line, and all garrulous paper-spoiling pedants are spitted as 'scholasticall squitter bookes' with a single contemptuous thrust. His thumb-nail sketches are not less good, from that of the supposed halfe

crowne wench who 'sympered with her countenance like a porredge pot on the fire when it first begins to seethe,' down to the brief terrible picture of a fall, 'as in an earthquake the ground should open, and a blinde man come feeling pad pad ouer the open Gulph with his staffe, should tumble on a sodaine into hell.'

In all things Nashe was a literary Bohemian born out of due time. His choice of subjects, his delight in the compounding of word or phrase, his instinctive hatred of Puritans and adoration of poetry, all bear witness to the artistic temper; and for the journalistic there is proof enough in his dismissal of the scholarly arguments of Luther and Carolostadius: 'They vttered nothing to make a man laugh, therefore I will leaue them.' Here in a nutshell is the science of reporting on learned societies for the popular press. And Nashe had that other and greater quality, not less characteristic of Bohemia, the militant loyalty to a friend. He wrote, in prose and verse, much that will give scope to literary critics yet unborn, but never more manly sentences than those which rebuked the inhumanity of Gabriel Harvey 'to *Greene* that lies full low in his graue.'[1] It is the age-long protest of the free-lance of letters against the self-righteous; 'Hee made no account of winning credite by his workes, as thou dost, that dost no good workes, but thinkes to bee famosed by a strong faith of thy owne worthines: his only care was to haue a spel in his purse to coniure vp a good cuppe of wine with at all times.' And hard by is the great apology for his own life and Greene's: 'Debt and deadly sinne, who is not subiect to? with any notorious crime I neuer knew him tainted.' These, of all Nashe's words, are

[1] The words are not those of Nashe, but of an impartial witness, Francis Meres.

those that give the vividest picture of the man ; it was no saint who wrote *The Choice of Valentines*, but a very human sinner, and on those words the man himself may best be judged. He does not live in our daily life as Chaucer does or Fielding ; he is too quick to anger, and lacks their divine tolerance ; but he is a figure little less distinct than his own portrait of Greene, a minor man of letters, but an inquiring connoisseur of life.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

THE UNFORTUNATE TRAVELLER was entered in the Stationers' Register on September 17, 1593, and the first edition, hereafter called *A*, with a dedication to Lord Southampton, was printed at London by T. Scarlet for C. Burby in 1584. A further edition, hereafter called *B*, lacking the dedication, was printed by Scarlet for Burby in the same year, and described on the title as 'Newly corrected and augmented.'

The book has been thrice reprinted by modern editors. Dr. Grosart included it in his privately printed six-volume edition of Nashe in 1883–4, using the copy of *A* in the British Museum; in 1892 Mr. Gosse issued a reprint of the *A* text, limited to 500 copies, in a separate volume; and in 1904 a reprint of the text of *B* from the Bodleian copy, including many of the readings of *A* from the British Museum copy, formed part of the second volume of Dr. McKerrow's five-volume edition of Nashe.

The present text is a reprint of *B*, and follows the copy in the Bodleian Library, the only perfect copy of *B* known to exist. I have however, though less frequently than Dr. McKerrow, admitted readings from *A*, using the copy in the British Museum, in cases where the version of *A* was clearly the better, or where it had been abridged in *B*. In such cases the reading of *B* is relegated to the textual footnotes, which also contain such minor variant readings from the

A text as seem to me valuable or suggestive. The dedication to Lord Southampton is also reprinted from *A*.

It is impossible to refer to the previous reprints without acknowledging the debt of Elizabethan scholarship to Dr. McKerrow's exhaustive edition of Nashe's works. In his treatment of such points as the division of the sheets of *B* between two printers, the evidence that *B* was set up from corrected sheets of *A*, and the like, he has dealt with problems which do not come within the scope of the present reprint, whose justification for existence is the need, long felt both by students and by the literary amateur, of an accessible separate text of Nashe's novel. The present volume is designed to meet the wants of both classes of reader, the textual footnotes being reduced to a minimum by the banishment to an appendix of those misprints, turned letters, and errors in punctuation, the reproduction of which in the text or in footnotes would have been merely distracting.

In the present reprint the original punctuation of the *B* text is for the first time preserved. Up to the issue of Mr. Percy Simpson's *Shakespearian Punctuation* in 1911 it was the general custom of editors to modernise the pointing of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century texts. That epoch is now past, and no scholar can safely return to it. Those who are interested in the subject will naturally refer to the monograph, but the casual reader need only bear in mind that Elizabethan punctuation was rhythmical or even rhetorical, while that of to-day is based on logic or syntax. A page or two will accustom him to the earlier method, and it is odds but after further acquaintance he will come to prefer it.

The roman type, varied by italic, of the dedication and induction of *A* and *B* respectively is followed exactly in

the present text, but the black letter, with occasional roman, of the main body of the book is here replaced respectively by roman and italic type. The *Vanhotten . . . gelderslike* passage at 44. 19 has, however, also been printed in italic, having been set up in *B* in black letter of a fount larger than that used for the rest of the text. The long *ſ*, which is a mere source of annoyance to modern readers, has everywhere been replaced by s. It should be added that the type used in *B* was worn, and many letters are blurred in the printing ; it is often, for instance, hardly possible to distinguish a blotted h from a b ; and in cases of doubt the letter required by the sense has been presumed to have been used unless a misprint in *B* is unmistakably shown.

Although *B* is described as 'Newly corrected and augmented,' the additions are only two in number. The former of them (44. 17) consists of the words 'carousing a whole health to the Dukes armes,' which must have been overlooked in the printing of *A*. The latter (76. 24) is a longer passage, referring to Pontius Pilate's house : 'The name of the place I remember not, but it is as one goes to Saint Paules Church not farre from the iemmes *Piazza*.' It is possible that this may also have been omitted by the printer of *A*, but it looks more like a deliberate later attempt to add local colour. Whether Nashe had ever been out of England is highly doubtful, but he must have talked with many who had, and talk or reading might well have suggested the addition, though what 'the iemmes *Piazza*' may be it is not easy to say. Of the other alterations from *A* the reader will be able to form his own opinion, though it must be noted that while many are apparently author's corrections, some of the omissions, such as that of the address to Puritans at 62. 34, are clearly accidental, and

a few are undoubtedly due to the compositor's lack of space.

To Dr. McKerrow, who has dealt fully with the latter point, my thanks are due for his very courteous permission to set up from a copy of his own text, altered by me to correspond with that of *B* in punctuation and in various readings which he discarded. This process has often involved a score of MS. corrections to the page, but those who know the labour of transcribing sixteenth-century black-letter in bulk will appreciate the value of the permission, and the added accuracy gained to the present text, the proofs of which I have collated throughout with the originals in the Bodleian or British Museum.

The reproduction of the title-page of *B* is a full-size facsimile of the probably unique original, shelf-mark Wood, 31. c. (3), in the Bodleian Library. The only other known copy of *B*—that formerly in the Rowfant collection—has lost its title.

H. F. B. B.-S.

THE VNFORTV-nate Traueller.

OR,

The life of Iacke Wilton.

Newly corrected and augmented.

Qui audiunt audita dicunt.

THO. NASHE.

LONDON,
Imprinted by Thomas Scarlet
for Cuthbert Burby.
1594.

To the right Honorable Lord Henrie Wriothsley, *Earle of South-hampton, and Baron of Tichfeeld.*

INgenuous honorable Lord, I know not what blinde custome methodicall antiquity hath thrust vpon vs, to dedicate such books as we publish, to one great man or other; In which respect, least anie man should challenge these my papers as goods vncustomd, and so extend vppon them as forfeite to contempt, to the seale of your excellent censure loe here I present them to bee seene and allowed. Prize them as high or as low as you list: if you set anie price on them, I hold my labor well satisfide. Long haue I desired to approoue my wit vnto you. My reuerent duetifull thoughts (euen from their infancie) haue been retayners to your glorie. Now at last I haue enforst an opportunitie to plead my deuoted minde. All that in this phantasticall Treatise I can promise, is some reasonable conueyance of historie, & varietie of mirth. By diuers of my good frends haue I been dealt with to employ my dul pen in this kinde, it being a cleane different vaine from other my former courses of writing. How wel or ill I haue done in it, I am ignorant: (the eye that sees round about it selfe, sees not into it selfe): only your Honours applauding encouragement hath power to make mee arrogant. Incomprehensible is the heigth of your spirit both in heroical resolution and matters of conceit. Vnrepriueably perisheth that booke whatsoeuer to wast paper, which on the diamond rocke of your iudgement disasterly chanceth to be ship-

wrackt. A dere louer and cherisher you are, as well of the louers of Poets, as of Poets themselues. Amongst their sacred number I dare not ascribe my selfe, though now and then I speak English: that smal braine I haue,to no further vse I conuert, saue to be kinde to my frends,and fatall to my enemies. A new brain, a new wit, a new stile, a new soule will I get mee, to canonize your name to posteritie, if in this my first attempt I be not taxed of presumption. Of your gracious fauor I despaire not, for I am not altogether Fames out-cast. This handfull of leaues I offer to your view, to the leaues on trees I compare, which as they cannot grow of themselues except they haue some branches or boughes to cleaue too, & with whose iuice and sap they be euermore recreated & nourisht: so except these vnpolisht leaues of mine haue some braunch of Nobilitie whereon to depend and cleaue, and with the vigorous nutriment of whose authorized commendation they may be continually fosterd and refresht, neuer wil they grow to the worlds good liking, but forthwith fade and die on the first houre of their birth. Your Lordship is the large spreading branch of renown, from whence these my idle leaues seeke to deriue their whole nourishing: it resteth you either scornfully shake them off, as worm-eaten & worthles, or in pity preserue them and cherish them, for some litle summer frute you hope to finde amongst them.

Your Honors in all humble seruice:

Tho: Nashe.

The Induction to the dapper Mounsier Pages of the Court.

GAllant Squires, haue amongst you: at Mumchaunce I meane not, for so I might chaunce come to short commons, but at *nouus, noua, nouum*, which is in English, newes of the maker. A proper fellow Page of yours called *Iack Wilton*, by me commends him vnto you, and hath bequeathed for wast paper here amongst you certaine pages of his misfortunes. In anie case keepe them preciously as a *priuie* token of his good will towardes you. If there bee some better than other, he craues you would honor them in theyr death so much, as to drie & kindle Tobacco with them: for a need he permits you to wrap veluet pantofles in them also; so they bee not woe begone at the heeles, or weather-beaten lyke a blacke head with graie hayres, or mangie at the toes, lyke an Ape about the mouth. But as you loue good fellowship and ames ace, rather turne them to stop mustard-pottes, than the Grocers should haue one patch of them to wrap mace in: a strong hot costly spice it is, which aboue all things he hates. To anie vse about meat & drinke put them to and spare not, for they cannot doe theyr countrie better seruice. Printers are madde whoorsons, allowe them some of them for napkins. Iost a little neerer to the matter & the purpose. *Memorandum*, euerie one of you after the perusing of this pamphlet, is to prouide him a case of ponyardes, that if you come in companie with anie man which shall dispraise it or speak against it, you may straight crie *Sic respondeo*,

and giue him the stackado. It standes not with your honours (I assure ye) to haue a gentleman and a page abusde in his absence. Secondly, whereas you were wont to swere men on a pantofle to be true to your puisant order, you shall sweare them on nothing but this Chronicle of the king of Pages hence forward. Thirdly, it shall be lawfull for anie whatsoeuer, to play with false dice in a corner on the couer of this foresayd Acts and Monuments. None of the fraternitie of the minorites shall refuse it for a pawne in the times of famine and necessitie. Euerie Stationers stall they passe by, whether by daie or by night, they shall put off theyr hats too and make a low legge, in regard their grand printed Capitano is there entombd. It shalbe flat treason for anie of this fore-mentioned catalogue of the point trussers, once to name him within fortie foote of an alehouse, mary the tauerne is honorable. Many speciall graue articles more had I to giue you in charge, which your wisdomes waiting together at the bottom of the great chamber staires, or sitting in a porch (your parliament house) may better consider off than I can deliuer: onely let this suffice for a tast to the text, and a bitte to pull on a good wit with, as a rasher on the coles is to pull on a cup of Wine.

Heigh passe, come alofte: euerie man of you take your places, and heare *Iacke Wilton* tell his owne Tale.

The vnfortunate Traueller.

ABout that time that the terror of the world, and feauer quartane of the French, *Henrie* the eight (the onely true subiect of Chronicles), aduanced his standard against the two hundred and fifty towers of *Turney* and *Turwin*, and had the Emperour and all the nobilitie of *Flanders*, *Holand*, & *Brabant* as mercenarie attendants on his ful-sayld fortune, I, *Iacke Wilton*, (a Gentleman at least) was a certain kind of an appendix or page, belonging or appertaining in or vnto the confines of the English court, where what my credit was, a number of my creditors that I cosned can testifie, *Cœlum petimus stultitia*, which of vs al is not a sinner. Bee it knowen to as many as will paie mony inough to peruse my storie, that I folowed the court or the camp, or the campe and the court, when *Turwin* lost her maidenhead, and opened her gates to more than *Iane Trosse* did. There did I, (soft let me drinke before I go anie further) raigne sole king of the cans and blacke iackes, prince of the pigmeis, countie palatine of cleane straw and prouant, and, to conclude, Lord high regent of rashers of the coles and red herring cobs. *Paulô maiora canamus.* Well, to the purpose. What stratagemicall acts and monuments doo you thinke an ingenious infant of my yeeres might enact? you will say it were sufficient if he slur a die, pawn his master to the vtmost peny, and minister the oath of[1] the

[1] on *A*

pantofle arteficially. These are signes of good education I must confesse, and arguments of In grace and vertue to proceed. Oh but *Aliquid latet quod non patet*, theres a further path I must trace: examples confirme, list lordings to my proceedings. Who so euer is acquainted with the state of a campe, vnderstandes that in it be many quarters, and yet not so many as on *London* bridge. In those quarters are many companies: Much companie, much knauery, as true as that olde adage, Much curtesie, much subtiltie. Those companies, lyke a greate deale of corne, do yeeld some chaffe, the corne are cormorants, the chaffe are good fellowes, which are quickly blowen to nothing, wyth bearing a light heart in a lyght purse. Amongest this chaffe was I winnowing my wittes to liue merrily, and by my troth so I did: the prince could but command men spend their bloud in his seruice, I could make them spend al the mony they had for my pleasure. But pouertie in the end partes friends, though I was prince of their purses, & exacted of my vnthrifte subiects as much liquid alleageance as any keisar in the world could doe, yet where it is not to bee had the king must loose his right, want cannot bee withstoode, men can doe no more than they can doe, what remained then, but the foxes case must help, when the lions skin is out at the elbowes.

There was a Lord in the campe, let him be a Lord of misrule if you will, for he kept a plaine alehouse without welt or gard of anie iuybush, and sold syder and cheese by pint and by pound to all that came (at the verie name of sider I can but sigh, there is so much of it in renish wine now a daies.) Well, *Tendit ad sydera virtus*, thers great vertue belongs (I can tel you) to a cup of sider, and very good men haue sold it, and at sea it is *Aqua cœlestis*, but thats neither here nor there, if it had no other patrone but this peere of quart pottes to authorize it, it were sufficient. This great Lord, this worthie Lord, this noble Lord, thought no scorne (Lord haue mercie vpon vs) to

haue his great veluet breeches larded with the droppinges of this daintie liquor, & yet he was an old seruitor, a cauelier of an ancient house, as might appeare by the armes of his ancestors, drawen verie amiably in chalke on the in side of his tent dore.

He and no other was the man I chose out to damne with a lewd monilesse deuice, for comming to him on a day as he was counting his barels and setting the price in chalke on the head of them, I did my dutie very deuoutly, and tolde his *alie* honor I had matters of some secrecy to impart vnto him, if it pleased him to grant me priuate audience. With me yong *Wilton* qd. he, mary and shalt: bring vs a pint of syder of a fresh tap into the three cups here, wash the pot, so into a backe roome hee lead me, where after he had spitte on his finger, and pickt of two or three moats of his olde moth eaten veluet cap, and spunged and wrong all the rumatike driuell frõ his ill fauored goats beard, he bad me declare my minde, and thereupon hee dranke to mee on the same. I vp with a long circumstaunce, alias, a cunning shift of the seuenteenes, and discourst vnto him what entire affection I had borne him time out of minde, partly for the high descent and linage from whence hee sprong, and partly for the tender care and prouident respect he had of pore souldiers, that whereas the vastitie of that place, (which afforded them no indifferent supply of drink or of victuals) might humble them to some extremitie, and so weaken their handes, he vouchsafed in his owne person to be a victualler to the campe (a rare example of magnifisence and honorable curtesy) and diligently prouided that without farre trauell, euerie man might for his money haue syder and cheese his belly full, nor did hee sell his cheese by the way onely, or his syder by the great, but abast himself with his owne hands [1] to take a shoomakers knife, (a homely instrument for such a high personage to touch) and cut it out equally lyke a true

[1] hands, *A*: stands *B*.

iusticiarie, in little pennyworths, that it would doo a man good for to looke vpon. So likewise of his syder, the pore man might haue his moderate draught of it, (as there is a moderation in all things) as well for his doit or his dandiprat, as the rich man for his half souse or his denier. Not so much quoth I, but this Tapsters linnen apron which you weare to protect your apparell from the imperfections of the spigot, most amply bewrais[1] your lowly minde, I speake it with teares, too few such noble men haue wee that will drawe drinke in linnen aprons. Why you are euerie childes fellow, anie man that comes vnder the name of a souldier and a good fellowe, you will sit and beare companie to the last pot, yea, and you take in as good part the homely phrase of mine host heeres to you, as if one saluted you by all the titles of your baronie. These considerations I saie, which the world suffers to slip by in the channell of forgetfulnes, haue moued me in ardent zeale of your welfare, to forewarne you of some dangers that haue beset you and your barrels. At the name of dangers hee start vp and bounst with his fist on the boord so hard, that his tapster ouer-hearing him, cried, anone anone sir, by and by, and came and made a low legge and askt him what he lackt. Hee was readie to haue striken his tapster, for interrupting him in attention of this his so much desired relation, but for feare of displeasing mee hee moderated his furie, & onely sending for the other fresh pint, wild him looke to the barre, & come when he is cald with a deuils name. Well, at his earnest importunitie, after I had moistned my lippes, to make my lie run glibbe to his iourneies end, forward I went as followeth. It chanced me the other night, amongest other pages, to attend where the King with his Lordes and many chiefe leaders sate in counsell, there amongst sundrie serious matters that were debated, and intelligences from the enemy giuen vp, it was priuily informed (no villains to these priuie informers)

[1] bewrais *A* : bewray *B*.

that you, euen you that I nowe speake to, had (O would I had no tong to tell the rest by this drinke it grieues me so I am not able to repeate it.) Nowe was my dronken Lord readie to hang himselfe for the ende of the full point, and ouer my necke he throwes himself verie lubberly, and intreated me as I was a proper young Gentleman, and euer lookt for pleasure at his handes, soone to rid him out of this hell of suspence, and resolue him of the rest, then fell hee on his knees, wrong his handes, and I thinke on my conscience, wepte out all the syder that he had dronke in a weeke before, to moue mee to haue pittie on him, he rose & put his rustie ring on my finger, gaue mee his greasie purse with that single mony that was in it, promised to make mee his heire, and a thousand more fauours, if I woulde expire the miserie of his vnspeakable tormenting vncertaintie. I beeing by nature inclined to *Mercie* (for in deede I knewe two or three good wenches of that name), bad him harden his eares, and not make his eies abortiue before theyr time, and he should haue the inside of my brest turned outward, heare such a tale as would tempt the vtmost strength of lyfe to attend it, and not die in the midst of it. Why (quoth I,) my selfe that am but a poore childish well-willer of yours, with the verie thought, that a man of your deserte and state, by a number of pesants and varlets shoulde be so iniuriously abused in hugger mugger, haue wepte all my vrine vpwarde. The wheele vnder our citie bridge, carries not so much water ouer the citie, as my braine hath welled forth gushing streames of sorrow, I haue wepte so immoderatly and lauishly, that I thought verily my palat had bin turned to pissing Conduit in *London*. My eyes haue bin dronke, outragiously dronke, wyth giuing but ordinarie entercourse through their sea-circled Ilands to my distilling dreriment. What shal I say ? that which malice hath saide is the meere ouerthrow and murther of these[1] daies. Change not your colour, none can slander a

[1] these *B* : your *A*.

cleere conscience to it self, receiue al your fraught of misfortune in at once.

It is buzzed in the Kings head that you are a secret frend to the Enemie, and vnder pretence of getting a License to furnish the Campe with syder and such like prouant, you haue furnisht the Enemie, & in emptie barrels sent letters of discouerie, and corne innumerable.

I might wel haue left here, for by this time his white liuer had mixt it selfe with the white of his eye, and both were turned vpwards, as if they had offered themselues a faire white for death to shoote at. The troth was, I was verie loath mine hoste and I should part with drye lips: wherefore the best meanes that I could imagine to wake hym out of his traunce, was to crie loud in his eare, Hoe hoste, whats to pay? will no man looke to the reckoning here? And in plaine veritie it tooke expected effect, for with the noyse he started and bustled, lyke a man that had beene scarde with fire out of his sleepe, and ran hastely to his Tapster, and all to belaboured him about the eares, for letting Gentlemen call so long, and not looke in to them. Presently he remembred himselfe, and had like to fall into his memento againe, but that I met him halfe waies, and askt his Lordship what hee meant to slip his necke out of the collar so sodainly, and being reuiued stryke hys Tapster so hastely?

Oh (quoth he), I am bought and sold for dooing my Countrey such good seruice as I haue done. They are afraid of me, because my good deedes haue brought me into such estimation with the Comminaltie. I see, I see, it is not for the lambe to liue with the wolfe.

The world is well amended (thought I) with your Sidership; such another fortie yeares nap together as *Epeminedes* had, would make you a perfect wise man. Answere me (quoth he) my wise yong *Wilton*, is it true that I am thus vnderhand dead and buried by these bad tongues?

Nay (quoth I) you shall pardon me, for I haue spoken

too much alreadie, no definitiue sentence of death shall march out of my well meaning lips: they haue but lately suckt milke, and shall they so sodainly change their food and seeke after bloud ?

Oh, but (quoth he) a mans friend is his friend, fill the other pint Tapster: what said the King, did he beleeue it when he heard it ? I pray thee say, I sweare by my Nobilitie; none in the world shall euer be made priuie, that I receiued anie light of this matter by thee.

That firme affiance (quoth I) had I in you before, or else I wold neuer haue gone so farre ouer the shooes, to plucke you out of the myre. Not to make manie words (since you will needs knowe) the King saies flatly; you are a myser and a snudge, and he neuer hoped better of you. Nay, then (quoth he) questionles some Planet that loues not Syder hath conspired against me. Moreouer, which is worse, the King hath vowed to giue *Turwin* one hot breakfast, onely with the bungs that he will plucke out of your barrells. I cannot stay at thys time to report each circumstaunce that passed, but the onely counsell that my long cherished kinde inclination can possibly contriue, is now in your old daies to be liberall, such victualls or prouision as you haue, presently distribute it frankely amongst poore Souldiers, I would let them burst their bellies with Syder, and bathe in it, before I would run into my Princes ill opinion for a whole sea of it. The hunter pursuing the Beauer for his stones, hee bites them off, and leaues them behinde for him to gather vp, whereby he liues quiet. If greedy hunters and hungrie tale-tellers pursue you, it is for a litle pelfe that you haue, cast it behinde you, neglect it, let them haue it, least it breede a farther inconuenience. Credit my aduice, you shall finde it propheticall: and thus haue I discharged the part of a poore frend. With some few like phrases of ceremonie, your Honors poore suppliant, and so forth, and farewell my good youth, I thanke thee, and wil remember thee, we parted. But the next day I

thinke we had a doale of syder, syder in bowles, in scuppets, in helmets: and to conclude, if a man wold haue fild his boots full, ther he might haue had it: prouant thrust it selfe into poore souldiers pockets whether they would or no. Wee made fiue peales of shot into the towne together, of nothing but spiggots and faucets of discarded emptie barrels: euerie vnder-foot souldior had a distenanted tun, as *Diogenes* had his tub to sleepe in. I my selfe got as manie confiscated Tapsters aprons as made me a Tent, as big as anie ordinarie Commaunders in the field. But in conclusion, my welbeloued Baron of double beere got him humbly on hys mary-bones to the King, and complained he was old and striken in yeres, and had neuer an heire to cast at a dogge, wherfore if it might please his Maiestie to take his lands into his hands, and allowe hym some reasonable pension to liue, he shuld be meruailously wel pleased: as for warres he was weary of them, yet as long as his highnes ventred his owne person, he would not flinch a foot, but make his wythered bodie a buckler to beare off any blow aduanced against him.

The King meruailing at this alteration of his syder-merchant (for so he often pleasantly tearmd him) with a litle farther talk bolted out the whole complotment. Then was I pitifully whipt for my holiday lye, though they made themselues merrie with it manie a Winters euening after. For all this, his good asse-headed-honor, mine host, perseuered in his former request to the King to accept his lands, & allow him a beadsmanrie or out-brothershippe of brachet: which through his vehement instancie tooke effect, and the King iestingly said, since he would needs haue it so, he would distraine one[1] part of his land for impost of syder, which he was behinde with.

This was one of my famous atchieuements, insomuch as I neuer light vpon the like famous Foole, but I haue done a thousand better iests, if they had been bookt in order as

[1] on *A*.

they were begotten. It is pittie posteritie should be depriued of such precious Records: & yet there is no remedie, and yet there is too, for when all failes, welfare a good memorie. Gentle Readers (looke you be gentle now since I haue cald you so), as freely as my knauerie was mine owne, it shall be yours to vse in the way of honestie.

Euen in this expedition of *Turwin* (for the King stood not long a thrumming of buttons there) it hapned me fall in (I would it had faln out otherwise for his sake) with an vgly mechanichall Captain. You must thinke in an Armie, where trunchions are in their state-house, it is a flat stab once to name a Captaine without cap in hand. Well, suppose he was a Captaine, and had neuer a good cap of his owne, but I was faine to lend him one of my Lords cast veluet caps, and a weather-beaten feather, wherewith he threatned his soldiers a far off, as *Iupiter* is said, with the shaking of his haire to make heauen & earth to quake. Suppose out of the parings of a paire of false dice, I apparelled both him and my selfe manie a time and oft: and surely, not to slander the diuell, if anie man euer deserued the golden dice the King of the *Parthians* sent to *Demetrius* it was I. I had the right vayne of sucking vp a die twixt the dints of my fingers, not a creuise in my hand but could swallow a quater trey for a neede: in the line of life manie a dead lift did there lurke, but it was nothing towards the maintenance of a familie. This Monsieur Capitano eate vp the creame of my earnings, and *Crede mihi, res est ingeniosa dare*, any man is a fine fellow as long as he hath any money in his purse. That money is like the Marigold, which opens and shuts with the Sunne: if fortune smileth or one bee in fauour, it floweth; if the euening of Age comes on, or he falls into disgrace, it fadeth and is not to be found. I was my crafts-master though I were[1] but yong, and could as soone decline *Nominatiuo*

[1] was *A*.

hic Asinus, as a greater Clearke, wherefore I thought it not conuenient my Soldado should haue my purs any longer for his drum to play vppon, but I would giue him Iacke Drums entertainment, and send him packing.

This was my plot: I knewe a peece of seruice of Intelligence, which was presently to be done, that required a man with all his fiue senses to effect it, and would ouerthrow anie foole that should vndertake it: to this seruice did I animate and egge my foresaid costs and charges, alias, Senior veluet-cap, whose head was not encombred with too much forcast; and comming to him in his cabbin about dinner time, where I found him very deuoutly paring of his nayles for want of other repast, I entertaind him with this solemne oration.

Captaine, you perceiue how nere both of vs are driuen, the dice of late are growen as melancholy as a dog, high men and low men both prosper alike, langrets, fullams, and all the whole fellowshippe of them, will not affoord a man his dinner, some other meanes must be inuented to preuent imminent extremitie. My state, you are not ignorant, depends on trencher seruice, your aduancement must be deriued from the valour of your arme. In the delaies of Siege, desert hardly gets a day of hearing: tis gowns must direct and guns enact all the warres that is to be made against walls. Resteth no way for you to clime sodenly, but by doing some rare stratageme, the like not before heard of: and fitlie at this time occasion is offered.

There is a feate the King is desirous to haue wrought on some great Man of the Enemies side: marrie it requireth not so much resolution as discretion to bring it to passe; and yet resolution inough should be showne in it too, being so ful of hazardous ieopardie as it is, harke in your eare, thus it is: without more drumbling or pawsing, if you will vndertake it, and worke it through stitch (as you maye, ere the King hath determined which waie to goe about it) I warrant you are made while you liue, you need not care

which way your staffe falls, if it proue not so, then cut off my head.

Oh my Auditors, had you seene him how he stretcht out his lims, scratcht his scabd elbowes at this speach, how hee set his cap ouer his ey-browes like a polititian, and then folded his armes one in another, and nodded with the head, as who would say, let the French beware for they shall finde me a diuell: if (I say) you had seene but halfe the action that he vsed, of shrucking vp his shoulders, smiling scornfully, playing with his fingers on his buttons, and biting the lip; you wold haue laught your face and your knees together. The yron being hot, I thought to lay on load, for in anie case I would not haue his humor coole. As before I laid open vnto him the briefe summe of the seruice, so now I began to vrge the honorableness of it, and what a rare thing it was to be a right polititian, how much esteemd of Kings & princes, and how diuerse of meane Parentage haue come to bee Monarchs by it. Then I discourst of the quallities and properties of him in euery respect, how like the Woolfe he must drawe the breath from a man long before he bee seene, how like a Hare he must sleepe with his eyes open, how as the Eagle in his flying casts dust in the eyes of Crowes and other Fowles, for to blinde them, so hee must cast dust in the eyes of his enemies, delude their sight by one meanes or other that they diue not into his subtleties: howe hee must be familliar with all and trust none, drinke, carouse, and lecher with him out of whom he hopes to wring any matter, sweare and forsweare, rather than be suspected, and in a word, haue the Art of dissembling at his fingers ends as perfect as any Courtier.

Perhaps (quoth I) you may haue some fewe greasie Cauailiers that will seeke to disswade you from it, and they will not sticke to stand on their three halfe penny honour, swearing and staring that a man were better be a hangman than an Intelligencer, and call him a sneaking Eauesdropper, a scraping hedgecreeper, and a piperly pickethanke, but

you must not be discouraged by their talke, for the most part of these beggarly contemners of wit, are huge burly-bond Butchers like *Ayax*, good for nothing but to strike right downe blowes on a wedge with a cleauing beetle, or stand hammering all day vpon barres of yron. The whelpes of a Beare neuer growe but sleeping, and these Beare-wards hauing bigge lims shall be preferd though they doo nothing. You haue read stories, (Ile be sworne he neuer lookt in booke in his life) howe many of the Romaine worthies were there that haue gone as Spialls into their Enemies Campe? *Vlysses*, *Nestor*, *Diomed*, went as spies together in the night into the Tents of *Rhæsus*, and intercepted *Dolon* the spie of the Troians: neuer any discredited the trade of Intelligencers but *Iudas*, and he hanged himselfe. Danger will put wit into any man. *Architas* made a woodden Doue to flie; by which proportion I see no reason that the veryest blocke in the worlde shoulde dispayre of any thing. Though nature be contrary inclined, it may be altred, yet vsually those whom shee denies her ordinary gifts in one thing, shee doubles them in another. That which the Asse wants in wit, hee hath in honesty, who euer sawe him kicke or winch, or vse any iades tricks? though he liue an hundred yeares you shall neuer heare that he breaks pasture. Amongst men, he that hath not a good wit, lightly hath a good yron memory, and he that hath neither of both, hath some bones to carry burthens. Blinde men haue better noses than other men: the buls hornes serue him aswell as hands to fight withall, the Lyons pawes are as good to him as a pol-axe to knocke downe anye that resist him, the bores tushes serue him in better steed than a sword and buckler: what neede the snaile care for eyes, when hee feeles the way with his two hornes, as well as if he were as quicke sighted as a decypherer. There is a fish, that hauing no wings supports herselfe in the aire with her finnes. Admit that you had neither wit nor capacitie, as sure in my iudgement there is

none equall vnto you in idiotisme, yet if you haue simplicitie and secrecie, serpents themselues wil thinke you a serpent, for what serpent is there but hydes his sting: and yet whatsoeuer be wanting, a good plausible tongue in such a man of imployment, can hardly be sparde, which as the fore-named serpent, with his winding taile fetcheth in those that come nere him, so with a rauishing tale it gathers al mens harts vnto him: which if he haue not let him neuer looke to ingender by the mouth as rauens and doues do, that is, mount or be great by vndermining. Sir, I am ascertained that all these imperfections I speak of in you haue their naturall resiance. I see in your face, that you wer born with the swallow to feed flying, to get much tresure and honor by trauell. None so fit as you for so important an enterprise: our vulgar polititians are but flies swimming on the streame of subtiltie superficially in comparison of your singularitie, their blinde narrow eyes cannot pierce into the profundity of hypocrisie, you alone with *Palamed*, can pry into *Vlysses* mad counterfeting, you can discerne *Achilles* from a chamber maide, though he be deckt with his spindle and distaffe: as *Ioue* dining with *Licaon* could not bee beguiled with humane fleshe drest like meate, so no humane braine may goe beyond you, none beguile you, you gull all, all feare you, loue you, stoup to you. Therefore good sir be ruld by me, stoup your fortune so low, as to bequeath your selfe wholy to this busines.

This siluer-sounding tale made such sugred harmonie in his eares, that with the sweete meditation, what a more than myraculous polititian he should be, and what kingly promotion shuld come tumbling on him thereby, he could haue found in his hart to haue packt vp hys pipes, and to haue gone to heauen without a bait: yea, hee was more inflamed and rauishte with it, than a yong man called *Taurimontanus* was with the *Phrigian* melodie, who was so incensed and fired therwith, that he would needs run

presently vpon it, and set a Curtizans house on fire that had angred him.

No remedie there was, but I must help to furnish him with mony. I did so, as who will not make his enemie a bridge of gold to flie by. Verie earnestly he coniurde me to make no man liuing priuie to hys departure, in regard of his place and charge, and on his honor assured me, his returne should be verie short and succesfull. I, I, shorter by the necke (thought I) in the meane time let this be thy posie, *I liue in hope to scape the rope.*

Gone he is, God send him good shipping to Wapping, and by this time if you will, let him be a pitiful poore fellow, and vndone for euer: for mine own part, if he had bin mine own brother, I could haue done no more for him than I did, for straight after his back was turnd I went in all loue and kindnes to the Marshall generall of the field, & certifide him that such a man was lately fled to the Enemie, & got his place begd for another immediately: what became of him after you shall heare. To the Enemie he went and offred his seruice, rayling egregiously against the King of *England*, he swore, as he was a Gentleman and a souldier, he would be reuenged on him: and let but the King of *France* follow his counsel, he would driue him from *Turwin* wals yet ere three daies to an end. All these were good humors, but the tragedie followeth. The French King hearing of such a prating fellow that was come, desired to see him, but yet he feared treson, willing one of his Minions to take vpon him his person, & he wold stand by as a priuate person while he was examined. Why should I vse anie idle delaies? In was Captaine gogs wounds brought, after hee was throughly searched, not a louse in his doublet was let passe, but was askt *Queuela*, and chargd to stand in the Kings name, the molds of his buttons they turnd out, to see if they were not bullets couered ouer with thred, the cod-peece in his diuels breeches (for they wer then in fashion) they said plainly was a case for a

pistol: if he had had euer a hob-naile in his shooes it had hangd him, and hee should neuer haue known who had harmd him, but as lucke was, he had no myte of any mettall about him, he tooke part with none of the foure Ages, neyther the golden Age, the siluer Age, the brazen nor the yron Age, onely his purse was aged in emptines, and I think verily a puritane, for it kept it selfe from any pollution of crosses. Standing before the supposed King, he was askt what he was, and wherefore he came? To which, in a glorious bragging humor he answered, that he was a gentleman a capten commander, a chiefe leader, that came from the King of *England* vpon discontentment. Questiond of the perticular cause, he had not a word to blesse himselfe with, yet faine he would haue patcht out a polt-foot tale, but (God knowes) it had not one true leg to stand on.

Then began he to smell on the villaine so rammishly, that none there but was ready to rent him in pieces, yet the Minion King kept in his cholar, and propounded vnto him further, what of the King of Englands secrets (so aduantageable) he was priuy to, as might remooue him from the siege of Turwin in three daies. He said diuerse, diuerse matters, which askt longer conference, but in good honesty they were lies, which he had not yet stampt. Hereat the true King stept forth, and commaunded to lay hande on the Lozell, and that he should be tortured to confesse the truth, for he was a spie and nothing else.

He no sooner sawe the wheele and the torments set before him, but he cryde out like a Rascall, and said he was a poore Captaine in the English Campe, suborned by one *Iacke Wilton* (a Noble mans Page) and no other, to come and kill the French King in a brauerie and returne, and that he had no other intention in the world.

This confession could not choose but mooue them all to laughter, in that he made it as light a matter to kill their

King and come backe, as to goe to Islington and eate a messe of Creame, and come home againe, nay, and besides he protested that he had no other intention, as if that were not inough to hang him.

Adam neuer fell till God made fooles, all this could not keepe his ioynts from ransacking on the Wheele, for they vowed either to make him a Confessor or a Martyr with a trice: when still he sung all one song, they told the King he was a foole, and that some shrowd head had knauishly wrought on him, wherefore it should stand with his honour to whip him out of the Campe and send him home. That perswasion tooke place, and soundly was he lasht out of their liberties, and sent home by a Herrald with this message, that so the King his Master hoped to whip home all the English fooles very shortly: answere was returned, that that shortly, was a long-lie, and they were shrewd fooles that should driue the French-man out of his Kingdome, and make him glad with Corinthian *Dionisius* to play the Schoolemaster.

The Herrald being dismist, our afflicted Intelligencer was calde *coram nobis*, how he sped iudge you, but something he was adiudged too. The sparrow for his lechery liueth but a yeare, he for his trechery was turnd on the toe, *Plura dolor prohibet.*

Here let me triumph a while, and ruminate a line or two on the excellence of my wit, but I will not breath neither till I haue disfraughted all my knauerie.

Another Switzer Captaine that was farre gone for want of the wench, I lead astray most notoriously, for he being a monstrous vnthrift of battle-axes (as one that cared not in his anger to bid flye out scuttels to fiue score of them) and a notable emboweler of quart pots, I came disguised vnto him in the forme of a halfe crowne wench, my gowne and attyre according to the custome then in request. Iwis I had my curtsies in cue or in quart pot rather, for they dyude into the verie entrailes of the dust, and I sympered

with my countenance like a porredge pot on the fire when it first begins to seethe. The sobriety of the circumstance is, that after hee had courted mee and all, and giuen me the earnest-penie of impietie, some sixe Crownes at the least for an antipast to iniquitie, I fained an impregnable excuse to be gone and neuer came at him after.

Yet left I not here, but committed a little more scutcherie. A companie of coystrell Clearkes (who were in band with Sathan, and not of anie Souldiers collar nor hat-band) pincht a number of good mindes to God-ward of their prouant. They would not let a dram of dead-pay ouer-slip them, they would not lend a groat of the weeke to come, to him that had spent his money before this weeke was done. They out-faced the greatest and most magnanimious Seruitors in their sincere and finigraphicall cleane shirts and cuffes. A Lowce (that was anie Gentlemans companion) they thought scorne of, their nere bitten beards must in a deuills name bee dewed euerye day with Rose-water, Hogges could haue nere a haire on their backs for making them rubbing-brushes to rouse their Crab-lice. They would in no wise permit that the moates in the Sun-beames should be full mouthd beholders of their cleane phinifide apparel, their shooes shined as bright as a slike-stone, their hands troubled and foyled more water with washing, than the Cammell doth, that neuer drinkes till the whole streame be troubled. Summarily, neuer anie were so fantasticall the one halfe as they.

My masters, you may conceaue of me what you list, but I thinke confidently I was ordained Gods scourge from aboue for their daintie finicalitie. The houre of their punishment could no longer be proroged, but vengeance must haue at them, at all a ventures. So it was, that the most of these aboue-named goose-quill Braggadoches, were mere cowards and crauens, and durst not so much as throwe a pen-full of inke into the Enemies face, if proofe were made:

wherefore on the experience of their pusillanimitie I thought to raise the foundation [1] of my roguerie.

What did I now but one day made a false alarum in the quarter where they lay, to try how they would stand to their tackling, and with a pittifull out-crie warned them to flie, for there was treason a foote, they were inuironed and beset. Vpon the first watch worde of treason that was giuen; I thinke they betooke them to their heeles verie stoutly, left their penne and inke-hornes and paper behinde them, for spoile resigned their deskes, with the money that was in them to the mercie of the vanquisher, and in fine, left me and my fellowes (their foole-catchers) Lordes of the field: How wee dealt with them, their disburdened deskes canne best tell, but this I am assured, we fared the better for it a fortnight of fasting dayes after.

I must not place a volume in the precincts of a pamphlet: sleepe an houre or two, and dreame that Turney and Turwin is wonne, that the King is shipt againe into England, and that I am close at harde meate at Windsore or at Hampton Court. What will you in your indifferent opinions allow me for my trauell, no more signiorie ouer the Pages that I had before? yes, whether you will part with so much probable friendly suppose or no, Ile haue it in spite of your hearts. For your instruction and godly consolation, bee informed, that at that time I was no common squire, no vndertrodden torch-bearer, I had my feather in my cap as big as a flag in the fore-top, my French dublet gelte in the bellie as though (like a pig readie to be spitted) all my guts had bin pluckt out, a paire of side paned hose that hung downe like two scales filled with Holland cheeses, my longe stock that sate close to my docke, and smoothered not a scab or a leacherous hairie sinew on the calfe of the legge, my rapier pendant like a round sticke fastned in the tacklings for skippers the better to climbe by, my cape cloake of blacke cloth, ouer-

[1] foundation *A*: fountaine *B*.

spreading my backe like a thorne-backe, or an Elephantes eare, that hanges on his shoulders like a countrie huswiues banskin, which she thirles hir spindle on, & in consummation of my curiositie, my hands without glooues, all a more French, and a blacke budge edging of a beard on the vpper lip, & the like sable auglet of excrements in the rising of the anckle of my chinne. I was the first that brought in the order of passing into the Court which I deriued from the common word *Qui passa*, and the Heralds phrase of armes *Passant*, thinking in sinceritie, he was not a Gentleman, nor his armes currant, who was not first past by the Pages. If anie Prentise or other came into the Court that was not a Gentleman, I thought it was an indignitie to the preheminence of the Court to include such a one, and could not bee salude except wee gaue him Armes Passant, to make him a Gentleman.

Besides, in Spaine, none passe anie farre way but he must be examined what he is, and giue three pence for his passe.

In which regard it was considered of by the common table of the cupbearers, what a perilsome thing it was to let anie stranger or out dweller approch so neare the precincts of the Prince, as the greate Chamber, without examining what hee was, and giuing him his passe, whereupon we established the like order, but tooke no mony of them as they did, onely for a signe that he had not past our hands vnexamined, we set a red marke on their eares, and so let them walke as authenticall.

I must not discouer what vngodlie dealing we had with the blacke iackes, or how oft I was crowned King of the drunkardes with a Court cuppe, let mee quietly descend to the waining of my youthfull daies, and tell a little of the sweating sicknes, that made me in a cold sweate take my heeles and runne out of England.

This sweating sicknes, was a disease that a man then might catch and neuer goe to a hot-house. Manie Masters desire to haue such seruants as would worke till they sweate

againe, but in those dayes hee that sweate neuer wrought againe. That Scripture then was not thought so necessarie, which sayes, Earne thy liuing with the sweat of thy browes, for then they earnd their dying with the sweat of their browes. It was inough if a fat man did but trusse his points, to turne him ouer the pearch: Mother *Cornelius* tub why it was like hell, he that came into it, neuer came out of it.

Cookes that stand continually basting their faces before the fire, were now all cashierd with this sweat into kitchin stuffe: their hall fell into the Kings hands for want of one of the trade to vphold it.

Felt makers and Furriers, what the one with the hot steame of their wooll new taken out of the pan, and the other with the contagious heat of their slaughter budge and connie-skinnes, died more thicke than of the pestelence: I haue seene an old woman at that season hauing three chins, wipe them all away one after another, as they melted to water, and left hir selfe nothing of a mouth but an vpper chap. Looke how in May or the heat of Summer we lay butter in water for feare it should melt away, so then were men faine to wet their clothes in water as Diers doo, and hide themselues in welles from the heat of the Sunne.

Then happie was he that was an asse for nothing will kill an asse but colde, and none dide but with extreame heate. The fishes called Sea-starres, that burne one another by excessiue heate, were not so contagious as one man that had the Sweate was to another. Masons paid nothing for haire to mixe their lyme, nor Glouers to stuffe their balls with, for then they had it for nothing, it dropped off mens heads and beards faster than anie Barber could shaue it. O, if haire breeches had then been in fashion, what a fine world had it beene for Tailers, and so it was a fine world for Tailers neuerthelesse, for he that could make a garment sleightest and thinnest carried it awaie: Cutters I can tell you then stood vpon it to haue their Trade one of the twelue Companies, for who was it then that

would not haue his dublet cut to the skin, and his shirt cut into it too, to make it more cold. It was as much as a mans life was worth ones to name a freeze ierkin, it was hye treason for a fat grosse man [1] to come within fiue miles of the Court. I heard where they dyde vp all in one Familie, and not a mothers childe escapde, insomuch as they had but an Irish rugge lockt vp in a presse, and not laid vpon anie bed neither, if those that were sicke of this maladie slept of [2] it, they neuer wakde more. Phisitions with their simples, in this case wext simple fellowes, and knew not which way to bestirre them.

Galen might goe shooe the Gander for any good he could doo, his Secretaries had so long called him Diuine, that now he had lost al his vertue vpon earth. *Hippocrates* might well helpe Almanacke-makers, but here he had not a word to say: a man might sooner catch the sweate with plodding ouer him to no end, than cure the sweate with anie of his impotent principles. *Paracelsus* with his Spirite of the Butterie and his spirites of Mineralls, could not so much as saye, God amend him to the matter. *Plus erat in artifice quam arte*, there was more infection in the Phisition himselfe than his arte could cure. This Mortalitie first began amongst old men, for they taking a pride to haue their breasts loose basted with tedious beards, kept their houses so hot with their hayry excrements, that not so much but their verie walls sweat out salt-peeter, with the smothering perplexitie: nay a number of them had meruailous hot breaths, which sticking in the briers of their bushie beards, could not choose, but (as close aire long imprisoned) ingender corruption.

Wiser was our Brother *Bankes* of these latter daies, who made his iugling horse a Cut, for feare if at anie time hee should foyst, the stinke sticking in his thicke bushie taile might be noysome to his Auditors. Should I tell you how manie Purseuants with red noses, and Sergeants with

[1] grosse man *A*: goose *B*. [2] of *B*: on *A*.

precious faces shrunke away in this Sweate, you would not beleeue me. Euen as the Salamander with his very sight blasteth apples on the trees: so a Purseuant or a Sergeant at this present, with the verie reflexe of his fierie facies, was able to spoyle a man a farre of. In some places of the world there is no shaddowe of the Sunne, *Diebus illis* if it had been so in *England*, the generation of *Brute* had died all and some. To knit vp this description in a pursnet, so feruent & scorching was the burning aire which inclosed them, that the most blessed man then aliue, would haue thought that God had done fairly by him, if hee had turnd him to a Goate, for Goates take breath not at the mouth or nose onely, but at the eares also.

Take breath how they would, I vowd to tarrie no longer among them. As at *Turwin* I was a demy souldier in iest: so now I became a Martialist in earnest. Ouer Sea with my implements I got mee, where hearing the King of *France* and the *Switzers* were together by the eares, I made towards them as fast as I could, thinking to thrust my selfe into that Faction that was strongest. It was my good lucke or my ill (I know not which) to come iust to the fighting of the Battell: where I saw a wonderfull spectacle of blood-shed on both sides, here vnweeldie *Switzers* wallowing in their gore, like an Oxe in his dung, there the sprightly *French* sprawling and turning on the stained grasse, like a Roach new taken out of the streame: all the ground was strewed as thicke with Battle-axes, as the Carpenters yard with chips, the Plaine appeared like a quagmyre, ouerspred as it were [1] with trampled dead bodies. In one place might you behold a heape of dead murthered men ouerwhelmed with a falling Steede, in stead of a toombe stone: in another place, a bundell of bodies fettered together in their owne bowells: and as the tyrant Romane Emperours vsed to tye condemned liuing caytiues face to face to dead corses, so were the halfe liuing here mixt with

[1] were *B*: was *A*.

squeazed carcases long putrifide. Anie man might giue Armes that was an actor in that Battell, for there were more armes and legs scattered in the Field that day, than will be gathered vp till Doomes-day : the French King himselfe in this Conflict was much distressed, the braines of his owne men sprinkled in his face, thrice was his Courser slaine vnder him, and thrice was he strucke on the brest with a speare : but in the end, by the helpe of the *Venetians*, the *Heluetians* or *Switzers* were subdude, and he crowned a Victor, a peace concluded, and the Citie of *Millaine* surrendred vnto him, as a pledge of reconciliation.

That Warre thus blowen ouer, and the seuerall Bands dissolued, like a Crowe that still followes aloofe where there is carrion, I flew me ouer to *Munster* in *Germanie*, which an Anabaptisticall Brother named *Iohn Leiden*, kept at that instant against the Emperour and the Duke of *Saxonie*. Heere I was in good hope to set vpp my staffe for some reasonable time, deeming that no Citie would driue it to a siedge, except they were able to hold out : and pretely well had these *Munsterians* held out, for they kept the Emperour and the Duke of *Saxonie* play for the space of a yere, and longer would haue done, but that Dame Famine came amongst them : wherevppon they were forst by Messengers to agree vpon a day of Fight, when according to their Anabaptisticall errour they might al be new christened in their owne blood.

That day come, flourishing entred *Iohn Leiden* the Botcher into the field, with a scarffe made of lysts like a bow-case, a crosse on hys breast like a thred bottome, a round twilted Taylors cushion, buckled like a Tankard-bearers deuice to his shoulders for a target, the pyke whereof was a pack-needle, a tough prentises club for his spear, a great Bruers cow on his backe for a corslet, and on his head for a helmet a huge high shooe with the bottome turnd vpwards, embossed as full of hob-nayles as euer it might sticke : his men were all base handicrafts, as coblers, and

curriers and tinkers, whereof some had barres of yron, some hatchets, some coole-staues, some dung-forkes, some spades, some mattockes, some wood-kniues, some addises for their weapons: he that was best prouided, had but a peece of a rustie browne bill brauely fringed with cop-webs [1] to fight for him. Perchance here and there you might see a felow that had a canker-eaten scull on his head, which serued him and his ancestors, for a chamber pot two hundred yeeres, and another that had bent a couple of yron dripping pans armour-wise, to fence his backe and his belly, another that had thrust a paire of drie olde bootes as a breast-plate before his belly of his dublet, because he would not be dangerously hurt: an other that had twilted all his trusse full of counters, thinking if the Enemie should take him, he would mistake them for gold, and so saue his life for his money. Verie deuout Asses they were, for all they were so dunstically set forth, and such as thought they knew as much of Gods minde as richer men: why inspiration was their ordinarie familiar, and buzd in their eares like a Bee in a boxe euerie hower what newes from heauen, hell, and the land of whipperginnie, displease them who durst, he should haue his mittimus to damnation *ex tempore*, they would vaunt there was not a pease difference betwixt them and the Apostles, they were as poore as they, of as base trades as they, and no more inspired than they, and with God there is no respect of persons, onely herein may seeme some little diuersitie to lurk, that *Peter* wore a sword, and they count it flat hel fire for anie man to weare a dagger: nay, so grounded and grauelled were they in this opinion, that now when they should come to Battell, theres neuer a one of them would bring a blade (no, not an onion blade) about hym to dye for it. It was not lawfull said they, for anie man to draw the sword but the Magistrate: and in fidelitie (which I had welnigh forgot) *Iacke Leiden* their Magistrate had the Image or likenes of a peece of a rustie

[1] cop-webs *B*: cobwebbes *A*.

sword like a lustie lad by his side: now I remember mee, it was but a foyle neither, and he wore it, to shewe that hee should haue the foyle of his Enemies, which might haue been an oracle for his two-hand Interpretation. *Quid plura?* His Battell is pitcht: by pitcht, I doo not meane set in order, for that was farre from their order, onely as Sailers doo pitch their apparell to make it storm proofe, so had most of them pitcht their patcht clothes to make them impearceable: a neerer way than to be at the charges of armour by halfe. And in another sort he might be said to haue pitcht the Field, for he had pitcht or rather set vp his rest whether to flie if they were discomfited.

Peace, peace there in the belfrie, seruice begins, vpon their knees before they ioine fals *Iohn Leiden* and his fraternitie verie deuoutly, they pray, they howle, they expostulate with God to grant them victorie, and vse such vnspeakable vehemence, a man wold thinke them the onely wel bent men vnder heauen. Wherin let me dilate a litle more grauely, than the nature of this historie requires, or wilbe expected of so yong a practitioner in diuinity: that not those that intermissiuely cry *Lord open vnto vs*, *Lord open vnto vs* enter first into the kingdom, that not the greatest professors haue the greatest portiõ in grace, that all is not gold that glisters. When Christ said, *the kingdome of heauen must suffer violence*, hee meant not the violence of long babling praiers, nor the violence of tedious inuectiue Sermons without wit, but the violence of faith, the violence of good works, the violence of patient suffering. The ignorant snatch the kingdome of heauen to themselues with greedines, when we with all our learning sinke into hell.

Where did *Peter* and *Iohn* in the third of the Acts, finde the lame cripple but in the gate of the temple called beautifull, in the beautifullest gates of our temple, in the forefront of professors, are many lame cripples, lame in life, lame in good workes, lame in euerie thing, yet will they alwaies sit at the gates of the temple, none be more for-

warde then they to enter into matters of reformation, yet none more behinde hand to enter into the true Temple of the Lord by the gates of good life.

You may obiect, that those which I speake against, are more diligent in reading the Scriptures, more carefull to resort vnto Sermons, more sober in their lookes, more modest in their attire, than anie else. But I pray you let me answere you, Doth not Christ say, that before the Latter day the Sunne shall be turned into darknesse, and the Moone into bloud: whereof what may the meaning bee, but that the glorious Sunne of the Gospell shall be eclipsed with the dim clowd of dissimulation, that that which is the brightest Planet of saluation, shall be a meanes of error and darknes: and the Moone shall be turned into blood, those that shine fairest, make the simplest shewe, seeme most to fauour Religion, shal rent out the bowels of the church, be turned into blood, and all this shall come to passe before the notable day of the Lord, whereof this Age is the Eue.

Let me vse a more familiar example, since the heate of a great number outraged [1] so excessiuely. Did not the Diuell lead Christ to the pinacle or highest place of the Temple to tempt him? If he led Christ, he will lead a whole Armie of hypocrites to the top or highest part of the Temple, the highest step of Religion and Holines, to seduce them and subuert them. I say vnto you that which this our tempted Sauiour with manie other words besought his Disciples, *Saue your selues from this froward generation. Verily, verily, the seruant is not greater than his master:* Verily, verily, sinfull men are not holier than holy Iesus their maker. That holy Iesus again repeates this holy sentence, *Remember the words I said vnto you, the seruaunt is not holier nor greater than his Master:* as if he should say, Remember then, imprint in your memorie, your pride and singularitie wyll make you forget them, the effects of them manie yeeres hence will come to passe. *Whosoeuer*

[1] hath outraged *A*.

will seeke to saue his soule shall loose it : whosoeuer seekes by headlong meanes to enter into Heauen, and disanull Gods ordinance, shall with the Gyaunts that thought to scale heauen in contempt of *Iupiter*, be ouer-whelmed with Mount *Ossa* and *Peleon*, and dwell with the diuell in eternall desolation.

Though the High Priests Office was expired, when *Paul* said vnto one of them, God rebuke thee thou painted sepulcher: yet when a stander by reprooued him, saying: Reuilest thou the High Priest? he repented and askt forgiuenes.

That which I suppose I doe not grant, the lawfulnes of the authoritie they oppose themselues against is sufficiently proued: farre be it my[1] vnder-age arguments should intrude themselues as a greene weake prop to support so high a Building: let it suffice, If you know Christ, you know his Father also: if you know Christianitie, you know the Fathers of the Church also. But a great number of you with *Philip* haue beene long with Christ, and haue not knowen him, haue long professed your selues Christians and haue not knowen his true Ministers: you follow the French and Scottish fashion and faction, and in all poynts are like the Switzers, *Qui quærunt, cum qua Gente cadunt*, that seeke with what Nation they may first miscarrie.

In the dayes of *Nero* there was an odde Fellowe that had found out an exquisite way to make glasse as hammer-proofe as golde: shall I say, that the like experiment he made vpon glasse, wee haue practised on the Gospell? I, confidently will I:[2] Wee haue found out a sleight to hammer it to anie Heresie whatsoeuer. But those furnaces of Falshood, and hammer-heads of Heresie must bee dissolued and broken as his was, or els I feare mee the false glittering glasse of Innouation will bee better esteemed of, than the auncient golde of the Gospell.

[1] it my *A* : it from my *B*.

[2] I, confidently will I, *A* : I confidently will, I : *B*.

The fault of faults is this, that your dead borne faith is begotten by too-too infant Fathers. *Cato* one of the wisest men in Romane Histories canonised, was not borne till his father was foure score yeres olde: none can be a perfect father of faith and beget men aright vnto God, but those that are aged in experience, haue manie yeres imprinted in their milde conuersation, and haue with *Zacheus* solde all their possessions of vanities to enioy the sweet fellowship, not of the humane but spirituall *Messias*.

Ministers and Pastors, sell away your sects and schismes to the decrepite Churches in contention beyond sea, they haue been so long invred to warre, both about matters of Religion and Regiment, that now they haue no peace of minde, but in troubling all other mens peace. Because the pouertie of their Prouinces will allow them no proportionable maintenance for higher callings of ecclesiasticall Magistrates, they wold reduce vs to the president of their rebellious persecuted beggerie: much like the sect of Philosophers called Cynikes, who whē they saw they were born to no lands or possessions, nor had any possible meanes to support their estates, but they must liue despised and in misery doo what they could, they plotted and consulted with themselues how to make their pouertie better esteemed of than rich dominion and souereigntie. The vpshot of their plotting and consultation was this, that they would liue to themselues, scorning the very breath or companie of all men, they profest (according to the rate of their lands) voluntarie pouertie, thin fare & lying hard, contemning and inueighing against all those as brute beasts whatsoeuer whome the world had giuen anie reputation for riches or prosperitie. *Diogenes* was one of the first and formost of the ring-leaders of this rustie morositie, and he for all his nice dogged disposition, and blunt deriding of worldly drosse, and the grosse felicitie of fooles, was taken notwithstanding a little after verie fairely a coyning monie in his cell: so fares it vpp and downe with our cinicall reformed

forraine Churches, they will disgest no grapes of great Bishoprikes forsooth, because they cannot tell how to come by them, they must shape their cotes good men according to their cloath and doe as they may, not as they wold, yet they must giue vs leaue here in England that are their honest neighbours, if wee haue more cloth than they, to make our garment some what larger.

What was the foundation or ground-worke of this dismall declining of Munster, but the banishing of their Bishop, their confiscating and casting lots for Church liuinges, as the souldiers cast lottes for Christes garments, and in short tearmes, their making the house of God a den of theeues. The house of God a number of hungrie Church robbers in these dayes haue made a den of theeues. Theeues spend looselie what they haue gotten lightly, sacriledge is no sure inheritance, *Dionisius* was nere the richer for robbing of *Iupiter* of his golden coate, hee was driuen in the end to play the Schoolemaster at Corinth. The name of Religion, bee it good or bad that is ruinated, God neuer suffers vnreuenged, Ile say of it as *Ouid* said of Eunuchs :

Qui primus pueris genitalia membra recidit,
Vulnera quæ fecit debuit ipse pati.

Who first depriude yong boies of their best part,
With selfe same wounds he gaue he ought to smart,

So would he that first gelt religion or Church-liuings had bin first gelt himselfe or neuer liued ; Cardinall *Wolsey* is the man I aim at, *Qui in suas pœnas ingeniosus erat*, first gaue others a light to his own ouerthrow. How it prospered with him and his[1] instrumentes that after wrought for themselues, Chronicles largely report, though not applie, and some parcell of their punishment yet vnpaid, I doe not doubt but will be required of their posteritie.

To goe forward with my storie of the ouerthrow of that

[1] his *A* : their *B*.

vsurper *Iohn Leiden* he and all his armie: as I saide before, falling prostrate on their faces, and feruently giuen ouer to praier, determined neuer to cease, or leaue soliciting of God, till he had shewed them from heauen some manifest miracle of successe.

Note that it was a generall receiued tradition both with *Iohn Leiden* and all the crue of Cnipperdolings and Muncers, if God at any time at their vehement outcries and clamors did not condiscend to their requests, to raile on him and curse him to his face, to dispute with him, and argue him of iniustice, for not beeing so good as his word with them, and to vrge his manie promises in the Scripture against him: so that they did not serue God simplie, but that he should serue their turnes, and after that tenure are many content to serue as bondmen to saue the danger of hanging: but hee that serues God aright, whose vpright conscience hath for his mot, *Amor est mihi causa sequendi*, I serue because I loue: he saies, *Ego te potius Domine quam tua dona sequar*, Ile rather follow thee O Lord, for thine own sake, than for anie couetous respect of that thou canst doe for mee.

Christ would haue no followers, but such as forsooke all and follow him, such as forsake all their owne desires, such as abandon all expectations of reward in this world, such as neglected and contemned their liues, their wiues and children in comparison of him, and were content to take vp their crosse and follow him.

These Anabaptists had not yet forsooke all and followed Christ, they had not forsooke their owne desires of reuenge and innouation, they had not abandoned their expectation of the spoile of their enimies, they regarded their liues, they lookt after their wiues and children, they tooke not vp their Crosses of humilitie and followed him, but would crosse him, vpbraid him, and set him at nought, if he assured not by some signe their prayers and supplications. *Deteriora sequuntur* they followed God as daring him. God heard their praiers, *Quod petitur pœna est*, It was their

speedie punishment that they prayde for. Lo according to the summe of their impudent supplications, a signe in the heauens appeard the glorious signe of the rainebowe, which agreed iust with the signe of their ensigne that was a rainbow likewise.

Wherevpon, assuring themselues of victorie (*Miseri quod volunt, facile credunt*) that which wretches would haue they easely beleeue. With showtes and clamors they presently ranne headlong on theyr well deserued confusion.

Pittifull and lamentable was their vnpittied and well perfourmed slaughter. To see euen a Beare, (which is the most cruellest of all beasts) too-too bloudily ouer-matcht, and deformedly rent in peeces by an vnconscionable number of curres, it would mooue compassion against kinde, and make those that (beholding him at the stake yet vncoapt with) wisht him a sutable death to his vgly shape, now to recall their hard-harted wishes, and moane him suffering as a milde beast, in comparison of the fowle mouthd Mastiues, his butchers: euen such compassion did those ouer-matcht vngracious *Munsterians* obtaine of manie indifferent eyes, who now thought them (suffering) to bee sheepe brought innocent to the shambles, when as before they deemed them as a number of wolues vp in armes against the shepheards.

The Emperialls themselues that were their Executioners (like a father that weepes when he beates his childe, yet still weepes and stil beates) not without much ruth and sorrow prosecuted that lamentable massacre, yet drums and trumpets sounding nothing but stearne reuenge in their eares, made them so eager, that their handes had no leasure to aske counsell of their effeminate eyes, their swordes, theyr pikes, their bills, their bowes, their caleeuers slew, empierced, knocht downe, shot through and ouerthrew as manie men euerie minute of the battell, as there falls eares of corne before the sythe at one blow: yet all their weapons so slaying, empiercing, knocking downe, shooting

through, ouer-throwing, dissoule-ioyned not halfe so manie, as the hailing thunder of the great Ordinance : so ordinarie at euerie foot-step was the imbrument of yron in bloud, that one could hardly discern heads from bullets, or clottred haire from mangled flesh hung with goare.

This tale must at one time or other giue vp the ghost, and as good now as stay longer, I would gladly rid my handes of it cleanly, if I could tell how, for what with talking of coblers, tinkers, roape-makers, botchers and durt-daubers, the mark is clean out of my Muses mouth, & I am as it were more than duncified twixt diuinity and poetrie. What is there more as touching this tragedie that you would be resolued of ? say quickly, for now is my pen on foote againe. How *Iohn Leyden* dyed, is that it ? He dyde like a dogge, he was hangd & the halter paid for. For his companions, doe they trouble you ? I can tell you they troubled some men before, for they were all kild, & none escapt, no not so much as one to tell the tale of the rainebow. Heare what it is to be Anabaptists, to be Puritans, to be villaines, you may bee counted illuminate botchers for a while, but your end will bee Good people pray for vs.

With the tragicall catastrophe of this Munsterian conflict, did I cashier the new vocation of my caualiership. There was no more honorable wars in christendome then towards, wherefore after I had learned to be halfe an houre in bidding a man *boniure* in Germane sunonimas, I trauelled along the countrie towards England as fast as I could.

What with wagons and bare tentoes hauing attained to Middleborough (good Lord see the changing chances of vs knights arrant infants) I met with the right honorable Lord *Henrie Howard* Earle of Surrey my late master, Iesu I was perswaded I should not bee more glad to see heauen than I was to see him, O it was a right noble Lord, liberalitie it selfe, (if in this yron age there were any such creature as

liberalitie left on the earth) a Prince in content because a Poet without peere.

Destinie neuer defames hir selfe but when shee lets an excellent Poet die, if there bee anie sparke of Adams Paradized perfection yet emberd vp in the breastes of mortall men, certainelie God hath bestowed that his perfectest image on Poets. None come so neere to God in wit, none more contemne the world, *vatis auarus non temere est animus*, sayth *Horace*, *versus amat, hoc studet vnum*, Seldom haue you seene anie Poet possessed with auarice, only verses he loues, nothing else he delights in: and as they contemne the world, so contrarilie of the mechanicall world are none more contemned. Despised they are of the worlde, because they are not of the world: their thoughts are exalted aboue the worlde of ignorance and all earthly conceits.

As sweet Angelicall queristers they are continually conuersant in the heauen of Arts, heauen it selfe is but the highest height of knowledge, he that knowes himselfe & all things else, knowes the meanes to be happie: happie, thrice happie are they whom God hath doubled his spirite vppon, and giuen a double soule vnto to be Poets.

My Heroicall Master exceeded in this supernaturall kinde of wit, he entertained no grosse earthly spirite of auarice, nor weake womanly spirite of pusillanimitie and feare that are fained to bee of the water, but admirable, airie, and firie spirites, full of freedome, magnanimitie and bountihood. Let me not speake anie more of his accomplishments, for feare I spend all my spirits in praising him and leaue my selfe no vigor of wit, or effects of a soule to goe forward with my historie.

Hauing thus met him I so much adored, no interpleading was there of opposite occasions, but backe I must returne and beare halfe stakes with him in the lotterie of trauell. I was not altogether vnwilling to walke a long with such a good purse-bearer, yet musing what changeable humor

had so soddainely seduced him from his natiue soyle to seeke out needlesse perils in those parts beyond sea, one night verie boldly I demaunded of him the reason that mooued him thereto.

Ah quoth he, my little Page, full little canst thou perceiue howe farre Metamorphozed I am from my selfe, since I last saw thee. There is a little God called Loue, that will not bee worshipt of anie leaden braines, one that proclaimes himselfe sole King and Emperour of pearcing eyes, and cheefe Soueraigne of soft hearts, hee it is that exercising his Empire in my eyes, hath exorsized and cleane coniured me from my content.

Thou knowst statelie *Geraldine*, too stately I feare for mee to doe homage to her statue or shrine, she it is that is come out of Italie to bewitch all the wise men of England, vppon Queene *Katherine Dowager* she waites, that hath a dowrie of beautie sufficient to make hir wooed of the greatest Kinges in Christendome. Her high exalted sunne beames haue set the Phenix neast of my breast on fire, and I my selfe haue brought Arabian spiceries of sweet passions and praises, to furnish out the funerall flame of my follie. Those who were condemned to be smothered to death by sincking downe into the softe bottome of an high built bedde of Roses, neuer dide so sweet a death as I shoulde die, if hir Rose coloured disdaine were my deathesman.

Oh thrice Emperiall Hampton Court, *Cupids* inchaunted Castle, the place where I first sawe the perfecte omnipotence of the Almightie expressed in mortalitie, tis thou alone, that tithing all other men solace in thy pleasant scituation, affoordest mee nothinge but an excellent begotten sorrow out of the cheefe treasurie of all thy recreations.

Deare *Wilton* vnderstand that there it was where I first set eie on my more than celestiall *Geraldine*. Seeing her I admired her, all the whole receptacle of my sight was vnhabited with hir rare worth. Long sute and vncessant

protestations got me the grace to be entertained. Did neuer vnlouing seruant so prentiselike obey his neuer pleased Mistris, as I did her. My life, my wealth, my friendes, had all their destinie depending on hir command.

Vppon a time I was determined to trauell, the fame of Italy, and an especiall affection I had vnto Poetrie my second Mistris, for which Italy was so famous, had wholy rauisht me vnto it. There was no dehortment from it, but needs thether I would, wherefore comming to my Mistris as she was then walking with other Ladies of estate in paradice at Hampton Court, I most humbly besought her of fauour, that she would giue mee so much gratious leaue to absent my selfe from her seruice, as to trauell a yeare or two into Italy. She verie discreetly answered me that if my loue were so hot as I had often auouched, I did verie well to applie the plaister of absence vnto it, for absence as they say, causeth forgetfulnesse: yet neuerthelesse since it is Italy my natiue countrie you are so desirous to see, I am the more willing to make my will yours. *I pete Italiam*, goe and seeke Italie with *Aenæas*, but bee more true than *Aenæas*, I hope that kinde wit-cherishing climate will worke no change in so wittie a breast. No Countrie of mine shall it be more, if it conspire with thee, in any new loue against mee. One charge I will giue thee and let it bee rather a request than a charge: When thou commest to Florence (the faire Cittie from whence I fetcht the pride of my birth) by an open challenge defende my beautie against all commers.

Thou hast that honourable carryage in Armes, that it shall bee no discredite for me to bequeath all the glorie of my beautie to thy well gouerned Arme. Faine would I bee knowne where I was borne, faine would I haue thee knowen where fame sits in her chiefest Theater. Farewell, forget me not, continued deserts wil eternize me vnto thee, thy wishes shall bee expired when thy trauell shall bee once ended.

Here did teares step out before words, and intercepted the course of my kinde conceiued speech, euen as winde is allayed with raine : with heart scalding sighes I confirmed her parting request, and vowed my selfe hers, while liuing heate allowed mee to bee mine owne, *Hinc illæ lachrimæ*, heere hence proceedeth the whole cause of my peregrination.

Not a little was I delighted with this vnexpected loue storie, especially from a mouth out of which was nought wont to march but sterne precepts of grauetie & modestie. I sweare vnto you I thought his companie the better by a thousand crownes, because hee had discarded those nice tearmes of chastitie and continencie. Now I beseech God loue me so well as I loue a plaine dealing man, earth is earth, flesh is flesh, earth wil to earth, and flesh vnto flesh, fraile earth, fraile flesh, who can keepe you from the worke of your creation.

Dismissing this fruitles annotation *pro et contra*, towards Venice we progrest, and tooke Roterdam in our waie, that was cleane out of our waie, there we met with aged learnings chiefe ornament, that abundant and superingenious clarke *Erasmus*, as also with merrie Sir *Thomas Moore* our Countriman, who was come purposelie ouer a little before vs, to visite the said graue father *Erasmus* : what talke, what conference wee had then, it were here superfluous to rehearse, but this I can assure you, *Erasmus* in all his speeches seemed so much to mislike the indiscretion of Princes in preferring of parasites and fooles, that he decreed with himselfe to swim with the stream, and write a booke forthwith in commendation of follie. Quick witted Sir *Thomas Moore* traueld in a cleane contrarie prouince, for he seeing most common-wealths corrupted by ill custome, & that principalities were nothing but great piracies, which gotten by violence and murther, were maintained by priuate vndermining and bloudshed, that in the cheefest flourishing kingdomes there was no equall or well deuided weale one with an other, but a manifest conspiracie of rich men against

poore men, procuring their owne vnlawfull commodities vnder the name and interest of the common-wealth: hee concluded with himselfe to lay downe a perfect plot of a common-wealth or gouernment, which he would intitle his *Vtopia.*

So left we them to prosecute their discontented studies, and make our next iourney to Wittenberg.

At the verie pointe of our enterance into Wittenberg, we were spectators of a verie solemne scholasticall entertainment of the Duke of Saxonie thether. Whome because hee was the chiefe Patrone of their Vniuersitie, and had tooke *Luthers* parte in banishing the Masse and all like papal iurisdiction out of their towne, they croucht vnto extreamely. The chiefe ceremonies of their intertainment were these: first, the heads of their vniuersitie (they were great heads of certaintie) met him in their hooded hypocrisie and doctorly accoustrements, *secundum formam statuti*, where by[1] the orator of the vniuersitie, whose pickerdeuant was verie plentifully besprinkled with rose water, a very learned or rather ruthfull oration was deliuered (for it raind all the while) signifieng thus much, that it was all by patch & by peecemeale stolne out of *Tully*, and he must pardon them, though in emptying their phrase bookes the world emptied his intrailes, for they dyd it not in any ostentation of wit (which God knowes they had not) but to shew the extraordinarie good will they bare the Duke, (to haue him stand in the raine till he was through wet) a thousand *quemadmodums* and *quapropters* he came ouer him with, euery sentence he concluded with *Esse posse videatur*; through all the nine worthies he ran with praising and comparing him, *Nestors* yeeres he assured him off vnder the broade seale of their supplications, and with that crowe troden verse in Virgil, *Dum iuga montis aper*, hee packt vp his pipes and cride *dixi*.

That pageant ouerpast, there rusht vpon him a miserable

[1] by *A*: *om. B.*

rablement of iunior graduats, that all cride vppon him mightily in their gibrige lyke a companie of beggers, God saue your grace, God saue your grace, Iesus preserue your Highnesse, though it be but for an houre. Some three halfe penyworth of Latine here also had he throwen at his face, but it was choise stuffe I can tell you, as there is a choise euen amongest ragges gathered vp from the dunghill. At the townes end met him the burgers and dunsticall incorporationers of *Wittenberg* in their distinguished liueries, their distinguished liuerie faces I meane, for they were most of them hot liuered dronkards, and had all the coate colours of sanguine, purple, crimson, copper, carnation, that were to be had, in their countenances. Filthie knaues, no cost had they bestowed on the towne for his welcome, sauing new painted their houghs and bousing houses, which commonly are fairer than their churches, and ouer their gates set the towne armes carousing a whole health to the Dukes armes, which sounded gulping after this sorte, *Vanhotten, slotten, irk bloshen glotten gelderslike*: what euer the wordes were, the sense was this, Good drinke is a medicine for all diseases.

A bursten belly inkhorne orator called *Vanderhulke*, they pickt out to present him with an oration, one that had a sulpherous big swolne large face, like a Saracen, eyes lyke two kentish oysters, a mouth that opened as wide euery time he spake, as one of those old knit trap doores, a beard as though it had ben made of a birds neast pluckt in peeces, which consisteth of strawe, haire, and durt mixt together. He was apparelled in blacke leather new licourd, & a short gowne without anie gathering in the backe, faced before and behinde with a boistrous beare skin, and a red night-cap on his head. To this purport and effect was this broccing duble beere oration. Right noble Duke (*ideo nobilis quasi no bilis*) for you haue no bile or colar in you, know that our present incorporation of Wittenberg, by me the tongue man of their thankfulnes, a townesman by birth,

a free Germane by nature, an oratour by arte, and a scriuener by education, in all obedience & chastity, most bountifully bid you welcome to Witenberg: welcome, sayd I, O orificiall rethorike wipe thy euerlasting mouth, and affoord me a more Indian metaphor than that for the braue princely bloud of a Saxon. Oratorie vncaske the bard hutch of thy complements, and with the triumphantest troupe in thy treasurie doe trewage vnto him. What impotent speech with his eight partes may not specifie this vnestimable gift holding his peace, shall as it were (with teares I speak it) do wherby as it may seeme or appeare, to manifest or declare, and yet it is, and yet it is not, and yet it may be a diminitiue oblation meritorious to your high pusillanimitie and indignitie. Why should I goe gadding and fisgigging after firking flantado amfibologies, wit is wit, and good will is good will. With all the wit I haue, I here according to the premises, offer vp vnto you the cities generall good will, which is a gilded Can, in manner and forme folowing, for you and the heirs of your bodie lawfully begotten, to drinke healths in. The scholasticall squitter bookes clout you vp cannopies and foot-clothes of verses. We that are good fellowes, and liue as merry as cup and can, will not verse vpon you as they doe, but must do as we can, and entertaine you if it bee but with a plaine emptie Canne. He hath learning inough, that hath learnde to drinke to his first man.

Gentle Duke, without paradox bee it spoken, thy horses at our owne proper costes and charges shall kneed vp to the knees all the while thou art heere in spruce beere and lubecke licour. Not a dogge thou bringest with thee but shall bee banketted with rhenish wine and sturgion. On our shoulders we weare no lambe skinne or miniuer like these academikes, yet wee can drinke to the confusion of thy enemies. Good lambs wooll haue we for their lambe skins, and for their miniuer, large minerals in our coffers. Mechanicall men they call vs, and not amisse, for most of

vs being *Mæchi*, that is cuckoldes and whooremasters, fetch our antiquitie from the temple of *Mæcha*, where Mahomet was hung vp. Three partes of the worlde America, Affrike and Asia, are of this our mechanike religion. *Nero* when he crid *O quantus artifex pereo*, profest himselfe of our freedome. Insomuch as *Artifex* is a citizen or craftes man, as well as *Carnifex* a scholler or hangman. Passe on by leaue into the precincts of our abhomination. Bonie Duke frolike in our boure, and perswade thy selfe, that euen as garlike hath three properties, to make a man winke, drinke, and stinke, so we wil winke on thy imperfections, drinke to thy fauorites, and al thy foes shall stinke before vs. So be it. Farewell.

The Duke laught not a little at this ridiculous oration, but that verie night as great an ironicall occasion was ministred, for he was bidden to one of the chiefe schooles to a Comedie handled by scollers. *Acolastus* the prodigal child was the name of it, which was so filthily acted, so leathernly set forth, as would haue moued laughter in *Heraclitus*. One as if he had ben playning a clay floore stampingly trode the stage so harde with his feete, that I thought verily he had resolued to do the Carpenter that set it vp some vtter shame. Another flong his armes lyke cudgels at a peare tree, insomuch as it was mightily dreaded that he wold strike the candles that hung aboue their heades out of their sockettes, and leaue them all darke. Another did nothing but winke and make faces. There was a parasite, and he with clapping his handes and thripping his fingers seemed to dance an antike to and fro. The onely thing they did well, was the prodigall childs hunger, most of their schollers being hungerly kept, & surely you would haue sayd they had bin brought vp in hogs academie to learne to eate acornes, if you had seene how sedulously they fell to them. Not a ieast had they to keepe their auditors from sleeping but of swill and draffe, yes nowe and then the seruant put his hand into the dish

before his master, & almost chokt himselfe, eating slouenly and rauenously to cause sport.

The next daie they had solempne disputations, where *Luther* and *Carolostadius* scolded leuell coyle. A masse of wordes I wote well they heapte vp agaynst the masse and the Pope, but farther particulars of their disputations I remẽber not. I thought verily they woulde haue worried one another with wordes, they were so earnest and vehement. *Luther* had the louder voyce, *Carolostadius* went beyond him in beating and bounsing with his fists, *Quæ supra nos nihil ad nos.* They vttered nothing to make a man laugh, therefore I will leaue them. Mary their outwarde iestures would now and then afford a man a morsel of mirth : of those two I meane not so much, as of all the other traine of opponents & respondents. One peckt with [1] his fore-finger at euerie halfe sillable hee brought forth, and nodded with his nose like an olde singing man, teaching a yong querister to keepe time. Another woulde be sure to wipe his mouth with his handkercher at ye ende of euery ful point, and euer when he thought he had cast a figure so curiously, as he diued ouer head and eares into his auditors admiration, hee woulde take occasion to stroke vp his haire, and twine vp his mustachios twice or thrice ouer while they might haue leasure to applaud him. A third wauerd & wagled his head, like a proud horse playing with his bridle, or as I haue seene some fantasticall swimmer, at euerie stroke train his chin side-long ouer his left shoulder. A fourth swet and foamed at the mouth, for verie anger his aduersarie had denied that part of the sillogisme which he was not prepared to answere. A fifth spread his armes, like an vsher that goes before to make rome, and thript with his finger and his thumbe when he thought he had tickled it with a conclusion. A sixt hung downe his countenaunce like a sheepe, and stutted and slauered very pittifully when his inuention was stept aside out of the way.

[1] peckte like a crane with *A*.

A seuenth gaspt for winde, & groned in his pronunciation as if hee were hard bound with some bad argument. Grosse plodders they were all, that had some learning and reading, but no wit to make vse of it. They imagined the Duke tooke the greatest pleasure and contentment vnder heauen to heare them speake Latine, and as long as they talkt nothing but *Tully* he was bound to attend them. A most vaine thing it is in many vniuersities at this daie, that they count him excellent eloquent who stealeth not whole phrases but whole pages[1] out of *Tully*. If of a number of shreds of his sentences he can shape an oration from all the world he carries it awaie, although in truth it be no more than a fooles coat of many colours. No inuention or matter haue they of theyr owne, but tack vp a stile of his stale galymafries. The leaden headed Germanes first began this, and wee Englishmen haue surfetted of their absurd imitation. I pitie *Nizolius* that had nothing to do but picke thrids ends out of an olde ouerworne garment.

This is but by the waie, we must looke back to our disputants. One amongest the rest thinking to bee more conceited than his fellowes, seeing the Duke haue a dog he loued well, which sate by him on the tarras, conuerted al his oration to him, and not a haire of his tayle but he kembd out with comparisons: so to haue courted him if he were a bitch had bin verie suspitious. Another commented and descanted on the Dukes staffe, new tipping it with many queint epithites. Some cast his natiuitie, and promised him hee shoulde not die vntill the day of iudgement. Omitting further superfluityes of this stampe, in this generall assembly we found intermixed that abundant scholler *Cornelius Agrippa*. At that time he bare the fame to be the greatest coniurer in christendome. *Scoto* that dyd the iugling tricks before the Queene, neuer came neere him one quarter in magicke reputation. The Doctors of *Wittenberg* doting on the rumor that went of him,

[1] phrases but whole pages *A*: pages, but whole phrases *B*.

desired him before the Duke and them to doe some thing extraordinarie memorable.

One requested to see pleasant *Plautus*, and that hee would shewe them in what habit he went, and with what countenaunce he lookt when he ground corne in the mil. Another had halfe a months mind to *Ouid* and his hooke nose. *Erasmus* who was not wanting in that honorable meeting, requested to see *Tully* in that same grace and maiestie he pleaded his oration *pro Roscio Amerino*. Affirming, that til in person he beheld his importunitie of pleading, hee woulde in no wise bee perswaded that anie man coulde carrie awaye a manifest case with rethorike so strangely. To *Erasmus* petition he easily condescended, & willing the doctors at such an houre to hold their conuocation, and euery one to keepe him in his place without mouing : at the time prefixed in entered *Tullie*, ascended his pleading place, and declaimed verbatim the forenamed oration, but with such astonishing amazement, with such feruent exaltation of spirit, with such soule-stirring iestures, that all his auditours were readie to install his guiltie client for a God.

Great was the concourse of glorie *Agrippa* drewe to him wyth this one feate. And in deede hee was so cloyed with men which came to beholde him, that he was fayne sooner than he would, to returne to the Emperours court from whence he came, and leaue *Wittenberg* before he woulde. With him we trauelled along, hauing purchast his acquaintance a litle before. By the waie as we went, my master and I agreed to change names. It was concluded betwixte vs, that I should be the Earle of Surrie, and he my man, onely because in his owne person, which hee woulde not haue reproched, hee meant to take more liberty of behauior : as for my cariage, he knew hee was to tune it at a key, either high or low, as he list.

To the Emperours court wee came, where our entertainment was euery way plentiful, carouses we had in whole galons in sted of quart pots. Not a health was giuen vs

but contained well neere a hogshead. The customes of the countrie we were eager to bee instructed in, but nothing wee coulde learne but this, that euer at the Emperours coronation there is an oxe roasted with a stag in the belly, and that stag in his belly hath a kid, and that kid is stufte full of birds. Some courtiers to wearie out time, would tell vs further tales of *Cornelius Agrippa*, and howe when sir *Thomas Moore* our countryman was there, he shewed him the whole destructiõ of Troy in a dreame. How the Lord *Cromwell* being the kings Embassador there, in like case in a perspectiue glasse hee set before his eyes king *Henrie* the eight, with all his Lordes on hunting in his forrest at Windsore, and when he came into his studie, and was verie vrgent to be partaker of some rare experiment, that he might reporte when he came into England, he wild him amongest two thousande great bookes to take downe which hee list, and begin to reade one line in anie place, and without booke he woulde rehearse twentie leaues following. *Cromwel* did so, and in many bookes tride him, when in euery thing he exceeded his promise and conquered his expectation. To *Charles* the fift then Emperour, they reported how he shewed the nine worthies, *Dauid*, *Salomon*, *Gedeon*, and the rest in that similitude and likenes that they liued vpon earth. My master and I hauing by the high waie side gotten some reasonable familiaritie with him, vpon this accesse of myracles imputed to him, resolued to request him somthing in our owne behalfes. I because I was his suborned Lorde and master, desired him to see the liuely image of *Geraldine* his loue in the glasse, and what at that instant she did, and with whome she was talking. He shewed her vs with out anie more adoe, sicke weeping on her bed, and resolued all into deuout religion for the absence of her Lord. At the sight thereof he could in no wise refrain, though he had tooke vpon him the condition of a seruant, but he must forthwith frame this extemporal dity.

ALL soule, no earthly flesh, why dost thou fade,
All good, no worthlesse drosse, why lookst thou pale,
Sicknesse how darst thou one so faire inuade,
Too base infirmitie to worke hir bale.
Heauen be distemperd since she grieued pines,
Neuer be drie these my sad plaintiue lines.

Pearch thou my spirit on hir siluer breasts,
And with their paine redoubled musike beatings,
Let them tosse thee to world where all toile rests,
Where blisse is subiect to no feares defeatings,
Her praise I tune whose tongue doth tune the sphears,
And gets new muses in hir hearers eares.

Starres fall to fetch fresh light from hir rich eyes,
Her bright brow driues the Sunne to cloudes beneath,
Hir haires reflex with red strakes paints the skies,
Sweet morne and euening deaw flowes from her breath,
Phœbe rules tides, she my teares tides forth drawes,
In her sicke bed loue sits and maketh lawes.

Hir daintie lims tinsill hir silke soft sheets,
Hir rose-crownd cheekes eclipse my dazeled sight,
O glasse with too much ioy my thoughts thou greets,
And yet thou shewest me day but by twy-light.
Ile kisse thee for the kindnes I haue felt,
Hir lips one kisse would vnto Nectar melt.

Though the Emperours court, and the extraordinarie edyfiing companie of *Cornelius Agrippa* might haue bin argumentes of waight to haue arested vs a little longer there, yet Italy still stuck as a great moate in my masters eie, he thought he had trauelled no farther than Wales, till he had tooke suruey of that countrie which was such a curious molder of wits.

To cut off blind ambages by the high way side, we made a long stride and got to Venice in short time, where hauing

scarce lookt about vs, a precious supernaturall pandor apparelled in all points like a gentleman, & hauing halfe a dosen seueral languages in his purse, entertained vs in our owne tongue very paraphrastically and eloquently, & maugre all other pretended acquaintance, would haue vs in a violent kinde of curtesie to be the guestes of his appointment. His name was *Petro de campo Frego*, a notable practitioner in the pollicie of baudrie. The place whether he brought vs was a pernicious curtizãs house named *Tabitha* the Temptresses, a wench that could set as ciuill a face on it as chastities first martyr *Lucrecia*. What will you conceit to be in any saints house that was there to seeke ? Bookes, pictures, beades, crucifixes, why there was a haberdashers shop of thẽ in euerie chãber. I warrant you should not see one set of [1] her neckercher peruerted or turned awrie, not a piece of a haire displast. On her beds there was not a wrinkle of any wallowing to be found, her pillows bare out as smooth as a groning wiues belly, & yet she was a Turke and an infidel, & had more dooings then all her neighbours besides. Vs for our money they vsed like Emperours. I was master as you heard before, & my master the Earle was but as my chief man whome I made my companion. So it happened (as iniquitie will out at one time or other) that she perceiuing my expence had no more vents, then it should haue, fel in with my supposed seruant my man, and gaue him half a promise of mariage, if he would help to make me away, that shee and he might enioy the iewels and wealth that I had.

The indifficultie of the condition thus she explained vnto him, her house stood vppon vaultes, which in two hundred yeeres togither were neuer searcht, who came into her house none tooke notice of, his fellow seruants that knew of his masters abode there, shoulde be all dispatcht by him as from his master, into sundry parts of the citie about busines, and when they returned, aunswere should be made

[1] of *A* : off *B*.

that he lay not their anye more, but had remoued to Padua since their departure, & thither they must follow him. Now (quoth she) if you be disposed to make him away in their absence, you shall haue my house at commaund. Stab, poyson or shoote him through with a pistol all is one, into the vault he shalbe throwen when the deed is doone. On my bare honestie it was a craftie queane, for shee had enacted with her self if he had bin my legitimate seruant, as he was one that serued and supplied my necessities, when he had murthered me, to haue accused him of the murther, and made all that I had hirs (as I carried all my masters wealth, monie, iewels, rings, or bils of exchange, continually about me.) He verie subtilly consented to her stratageme at the first motion, kill me hee would, that heauens could not withstand, and a pistoll was the predestinate engine which must deliuer the parting blow. God wot I was a rawe yong squier, and my master dealt iudasly with me, for he tolde me but euerie thing that she and he agreed of. Wherefore I coulde not possibly preuent it, but as a man would saie auoide it. The execution day aspired to his vtmost deuolution, into my chamber came my honorable attendant with his pistoll charged by his side very suspitiouslie and sullenly, ladie *Tabitha* and *Petro de campo Frego* her pandor folowed him at the hard heeles.

At their enterance I saluted them all very familiarly and merily, & began to impart vnto thẽ what disquiet dreams had disturbed mee the last night. I dreamt, quoth I, that my man *Brunquell* here (for no better name got he of me) came into my chamber with a pistol charged vnder his arme to kill me, and that he was suborned by you mistres *Tabitha*, and my verie good friende *Petro de campo Frego*, God send it turne to good, for it hath affrighted mee aboue measure. As they were readie to enter into a coulourable common place of the deceitfull friuolousnes of dreames, my trustie seruant *Brunquel* stoode quiuering and quaking

euerye ioynt of him, & as it was before compacted betweene vs, let his pistoll droppe from him on the sodaine, wherewith I started out of my bed, and drew my rapier, and cryde murther, murther, which made good wife *Tabitha* redie to bepis her.

My seruaunt, or my master, which you will, I tooke roughlie by the coller, and threatned to run him through incontinent if he confest not the truth. He as it were striken with remorse of conscience, (God be with him, for he could counterfeit most daintily) downe on his knees, askt me forgiuenesse, and impeached *Tabitha* and *Petro de campo Frego* as guiltie of subornation. I very mildly and grauely, gaue him audience, raile on them I dyd not after his tale was ended, but sayde I would trie what the lawe could doe. Conspiracy by the custome of their countrie was a capitall offence, and what custome or iustice might affoorde, they should bee all sure to feele. I could, quoth I, acquite my selfe otherwise, but it is not for a straunger to be his owne caruer in reuenge. Not a word more with *Tabitha*, but die she would before God or the deuill would haue her, shee sounded and reuiued, and then sounded again, and after she reuiued againe, sighed heauily, spoke faintly and pittifully, yea, and so pittifully, as if a man had not knowen the prankes of harlots before, he would haue melted into commiseration. Tears, sighs, and dolefull tuned wordes could not make anie forcible claime to my stonie eares, it was the glittering crownes that I hungred and thirsted after, & with them for all her mocke holy daie iestures she was faine to come off, before I condescended to anie bargaine of silence. So it fortuned (fie vppon that vnfortunate worde of Fortune) that this whoore, this queane, this curtizan, this common of ten thousand, so bribing me not to bewray her, had giuen me a great deal of counterfeit gold, which she had receiued of a coyner to make awaie a little before. Amongst the grosse summe of my briberie, I silly milkesop mistrusting no deceit, vnder an angell of

light tooke what shee gaue me, nere turnd it ouer, for which (O falsehood in faire shewe) my master & I had lyke to haue bin turnd ouer. He that is a knight arrant, exercised in the affaires of Ladies and Gentlewomen, hath more places to send mony to thã the deuil hath to send his spirits to. There was a delicate wench named *Flauia Aemilia* lodging in saint Markes street at a goldsmiths, which I would faine haue had to the grand test, to trie whether she were cunning in Alcumie or no. Aie me, she was but a counterfet slip, for she not onely gaue me the slip, but had welnigh made me a slipstring. To her I sent my golde to beg an houre of grace, ah graceles fornicatres, my hostesse and shee were confederate, who hauing gotten but one peece of my ill golde in their handes, deuised the meanes to make me immortall. I could drinke for anger till my head akt, to thinke howe I was abused. Shall I shame the deuill and speak the truth ? To prison was I sent as principal, and my master as accessarie, nor was it to a prison neither, but to the master of the mintes house, who though partlie our iudge, and a most seuere vpright iustice in his own nature, extremely seemed to condole our ignorant estate, and without all peraduenture a present redresse he had ministred, if certaine of our countrymen hearing an English Earle was apprehended for coyning, had not come to visite vs. An ill planet brought them thether, for at the first glance they knew the seruant of my secrecies to be the Earle of Surrie, and I (not worthy to be named I) an outcast of his cuppe or pantofles. Thence, thence sprong the full period of our infelicity. The master of the mint our whilom refresher and consolation, now tooke part against vs, he thought we had a mint in our heads of mischiuous conspiracies against their state. Heauens bare witnes with vs it was not so (heauens will not alwayes come to witnes when they are cald). To a straiter ward were we committed : that which we haue imputatiuely transgressed must be answered. O

the heathen heigh passe, and the intrinsecall legerdemaine of our special approued good pandor *Petro de Campo Frego*. He although he dipt in the same dish with vs euerie daie, seeming to labour our cause verie importunatly, & had interpreted for vs to the state from the beginning, yet was one of those trecherous brother *Trulies*, and abused vs most clarkly. He interpreted to vs with a pestilence, for whereas we stood obstinatly vpon it, we were wrongfully deteined, and that it was naught but a malicious practise of sinfull *Tabitha* our late hostes, he by a fine cunny-catching corrupt translation, made vs plainly to confesse, and crie *Miserere*, ere we had need of our necke-verse. Detestable, detestable, that the flesh and the deuill shoulde deale by their factors, Ile stand to it, there is not a pandor but hath vowed paganisme. The deuel himselfe is not such a deuil as he, so be he perform his function aright. He must haue the backe of an asse, the snout of an elephant, the wit of a foxe, and the teeth of a wolfe, he must faune like a spaniell, crouch like a Iew, liere like a sheepbiter. If he be halfe a puritan, and haue scripture continually in his mouth, hee speeds the better. I can tell you it is a trade of great promotion, & let none euer thinke to mount by seruice in forain courts, or creep neere to some magnifique Lords, if they be not seene in this science. O it is the art of arts, and ten thousand times goes beyond the intelligencer. None but a staid graue ciuill man is capable of it, he must haue exquisite courtship in him or else he is not old who, he wants the best point in his tables. God be mercifull to our pandor (and that were for God to worke a miracle) he was seene in all the seuen liberall deadly sciences, not a sinne but he was as absolute in as sathan himselfe. Sathan could neuer haue supplanted vs so as hee did. I may saie to you, he planted in vs the first Italionate wit that we had. During the time we lay close and tooke phisick in this castle of contemplation, there was a magnificos wife of good calling sent to beare vs companie. Her husbands name

was *Castaldo*, she hight *Diamante*, the cause of her committing, was an vngrounded ielous suspition which her doting husband had conceiued of her chastitie. One *Isaac Medicus* a bergomast was the man he chose to make him a monster, who being a courtier, and repairing to his house very often, neither for loue of him nor his wife, but only with a drift to borrow mony of a paune of wax and parchment, when he sawe his expectation deluded, & that *Castaldo* was too charie for him to close with, hee priuily with purpose of reuenge, gaue out amongest his copesmates, that he resorted to *Castaldos* house for no other end but to cuckolde him, and doubtfully he talkt that he had and he had not obtained his sute. Rings which he borrowed of a light curtizan that hee vsed to, he would faine to be taken from her [1] fingers, and in summe, so handled the matter, that *Castaldo* exclaimd, Out, whore, strumpet, six penie hackster, away with her to prison.

As glad were we almost as if they had giuen vs libertie, that fortune lent vs such a sweete pue-fellow. A pretie rounde faced wench was it, with blacke eie browes, a high forehead, a little mouth, and a sharpe nose, as fat and plum euerie part of her as a plouer, a skin as slike and soft as the backe of a swan, it doth me good when I remember her. Like a bird she tript on the grounde, and bare out her belly as maiesticall as an Estrich. With a licorous rouling eie fixt piercing on the earth, and sometimes scornfully darted on the tone side, she figured forth a high discontented disdaine, much like a prince puffing and storming at the treason of some mightie subiect fled lately out of his power. Her very countenaunce repiningly wrathfull, and yet cleere and vnwrinkled, would haue confirmed the cleernes of her conscience to the austerest iudge in the worlde. If in anie thing shee were culpable, it was in beeing too melancholy chast, and shewing her selfe as couetous of her beautie as hir husband was of his bags. Many are honest, because

[1] her *A* : his *B*

they know not howe to bee dishonest: shee thought there was no pleasure in stolne bread, because there was no pleasure in an olde mans bed. It is almost impossible that any woman should be excellently wittie, and not make the vtmost pennie of her beautie. This age and this countrie of ours admits of some miraculous exceptions, but former times are my constant informers. Those that haue quicke motions of wit, haue quicke motions in euerie thing, yron onely needs many strokes, only yron wits are not wonne without a long siege of intreatie. Gold easily bends, the most ingenious mindes are easiest mooued, *Ingenium nobis molle Thalia dedit*, sayth *Psapho* to *Phao*. Who hath no mercifull milde mistres, I will maintaine, hath no wittie, but a clownish dull flegmatike puppie to his mistres.

This magnificos wife was a good louing soule, that had mettall inough in her to make a good wit of, but being neuer remoued from vnder her mother [1] and her husbands wing, it was not molded and fashioned as it ought. Causeles distrust is able to driue deceit into a simple womans head. I durst pawne the credite of a page, which is worth ams ace at all times, that she was immaculate honest till she met with vs in prison. Mary what temptations she had then, when fire and flax were put together, conceit with your selues, but hold my master excusable. Alacke he was too vertuous to make her vicious, he stood vpon religion and conscience, what a hainous thing it was to subuert Gods ordinance. This was all the iniurie he would offer her, sometimes he would imagine her in a melancholy humor to bee his *Geraldine*, and court her in tearmes correspondent, nay he would sweare she was his *Geraldine*, and take her white hand and wipe his eyes with it, as though the verie touch of her might staunch his anguish. Now would he kneele & kisse the ground as holy ground which she vouchsafed to blesse from barrennes by her steppes. Who would haue learned to write an excellent passion, might haue bin

[1] mothers *A*.

a perfect tragick poet, had he but attended halfe the extremitie of his lament. Passion vpon passion would throng one on anothers necke, he wold praise her beyond the moone and starres, and that so sweetly and rauishingly, as I perswade my self he was more in loue with his own curious forming fancie than her face, and truth it is, many become passionate louers, onely to winne praise to theyr wits.

He praised, he praied, he desired and besought her to pittie him that perisht for her. From this his intranced mistaking extasie could no man remoue him. Who loueth resolutely, wil include euery thing vnder the name of his loue. From prose hee would leape into verse, and with these or such like rimes assault her.

If I must die, O let me choose my death,
Sucke out my soule with kisses cruell maide,
In thy breasts christall bals enbalme my breath,
Dole it all out in sighs when I am laide.
Thy lips on mine like cupping glasses claspe,
Let our tongs meete and striue as they would sting,
Crush out my winde with one strait girting graspe,
Stabs on my heart keepe time whilest thou doest sing.
Thy eyes lyke searing yrons burne out mine,
In thy faire tresses stifle me outright,
Like Circes change me to a loathsome swine,
So I may liue for euer in thy sight.
Into heauens ioyes none can profoundly see,
Except that first they meditate on thee.

Sadly and verily, if my master sayde true, I shoulde if I were a wench make many men quickly immortall. What ist, what ist for a maide fayre and fresh to spend a little lip-salue on a hungrie louer. My master beate the bush and kepte a coyle and a pratling, but I caught the birde, simplicitie and plainnesse shall carrie it away in another world.

God wot he was *Petro Desperalo*, when I stepping to her with a dunstable tale made vp my market. A holy requiem to their soules that thinke to wooe a woman [1] with riddles. I hadde some cunning plot you must suppose, to bring this about. Hir husband had abused her, and it was verie necessarie she should be reuenged: seldome doe they prooue patient martyrs who are punisht vniustly, one waie or other they will crie quittance whatsoeuer it cost them. No other apt meanes had this poore shee captiued *Cicely*, to worke her hoddie peake husband a proportionable plague for his iealousie, but to giue his head his full loading of infamie. Shee thought shee would make him complaine for some thing, that now was so harde bound with an hereticall opinion. How I dealt with her, gesse gentle reader, *subaudi* that I was in prison, and she my silly Iaylor.

Meanes there was made after a moneths or two durance by M. *Iohn Russell*, a Gentleman of king *Henrie* the eights chamber, who then laie lieger at *Venice* for England, that our cause should be fauorably heard. At that time was Monsieur *Petro Aretino* searcher and chiefe Inquisiter to the colledge of curtizans. Diuerse and sundrie waies was this *Aretine* beholding to the king of England, especially for by this foresayd master *Iohn Russell*, a little before he had sent him a pension of foure hundred crownes yerely during his life. Verie forcibly was he dealt withall, to straine the vtmost of his credit for our deliuerie out of prison. Nothing at his hands we sought, but that the curtizan might bee more narrowly sifted and examined. Such and so extraordinarie was his care and industrie herein, that, within few dayes after mistres *Tabitha* and her pandor cride *Peccaui confiteor*, and we were presently discharged, they for example sake executed. Most honorably after our inlargement of the state were we vsed, & had sufficient recompence for all our troubles & wrongs.

Before I goe anie further, let me speake a word or two of

[1] wooe a women *B* : wooe women *A*

this *Aretine*. It was one of the wittiest knaues that euer God made. If out of so base a thing as inke, there may bee extracted a spirite, hee writ with nought but the spirite of inke, and his stile was the spiritualitie of artes, and nothing else, whereas all others of his age were but the lay temporaltie of inkehorne tearmes. For indeede they were meere temporizers and no better. His pen was sharp pointed lyke a poinyard, no leafe he wrote on, but was lyke a burning glasse to set on fire all his readers. With more than musket shot did he charge his quill, where hee meant to inueigh. No houre but hee sent a whole legion of deuils into some heard of swine or other. If *Martiall* had ten Muses (as he saith of himselfe) when he but tasted a cup of wine, he had ten score when he determined to tyrannize, nere a line of his but was able to make a man dronken with admiration. His sight pearst like [1] lightning into the entrailes of all abuses. This I must needes saie, that most of his learning hee got by hearing the lectures at Florence. It is sufficient that learning he had, and a conceit exceeding all learning, to quintescence euerie thing which hee heard. He was no timerous seruile flatterer of the commonwealth wherein he liued, his tongue & his inuention were foreborne, what they thought they would confidently vtter. Princes hee spard not, that in the least point transgrest. His lyfe he contemned in comparison of the libertie of speech. Whereas some dull braine maligners of his, accuse him of that Treatise, *de tribus impostoribus Mundi*, which was neuer contriued without a generall counsell of deuils, I am verily perswaded it was none of his, and of my minde are a number of the most iudicial Italians. One reason is this, because it was published fortie yeres after his death, and hee neuer in his lyfe time wrote anie thing in Latine. Certainly I haue heard that one of *Machiuels* followers and disciples was the author of that booke, who to auoyde discredit, filcht it

[1] like *A* : om. *B*.

forth vnder *Aretines* name, a great while after he had sealed vp his eloquent spirit in the graue. Too much gall dyd that wormwood of Gibeline wittes put in his inke, who ingraued that rubarbe Epitaph on this excellent poets tombstone. Quite forsaken of all good Angels was he, and vtterly giuen ouer to artlesse enuie. Foure vniuersities honoured *Aretine* wyth these rich titles, *Il flagello de principi, Il veritiero, Il deuino, & L'vnico Aretino.* The French king *Frances* the first he kept in such awe, that to chaine his tongue he sent him a huge chaine of golde, in the forme of tongues fashioned. Singularly hath he commented of the humanitie of Christ. Besides, as Moses set forth his Genesis, so hath hee set forth his Genesis also, including the contents of the whole Bible. A notable Treatise hath he compiled called, *Il sette Psalmi pœnetentiarii.* All the *Thomasos* haue cause to loue him, because hee hath dilated so magnificently of the lyfe of Saint *Thomas.* There is a good thing that hee hath sette foorth *La vita della virgine Maria,* though it somewhat smell of superstition, with a number more, which here for tediousnes I suppresse. If lasciuious he were, he may answere with *Ouid, Vita verecunda est, musa iocosa mea est,* My lyfe is chast though wanton be my verse. Tell mee who is trauelled in histories, what good poet is, or euer was there, who hath not hadde a lyttle spice of wantonnesse in his dayes? Euen *Beza* himselfe by your leaue. *Aretine* as long as the world liues shalt thou liue. *Tully, Virgil, Ouid, Seneca* were neuer such ornamentes to Italy as thou hast bin. I neuer thought of Italy more religiously than England till I heard of thee. Peace to thy Ghost, and yet me thinkes so indefinite a spirit should haue no peace or intermission of paines, but be penning ditties to the archangels in another world. Puritans spue forth the venome of your dull inuentions.[1] A toade swels with thicke troubled poison, you swell with poisonous perturbations,

[1] Puritans . . . inuentions *A* : om. *B*.

your malice hath not a cleere dram of anie inspired disposition.

My principall subiect pluckes me by the elbowe, *Diamante Castaldos* ỹ magnificos wife, after my enlargement proued to be with child, at which instant there grew an vnsatiable famine in Venice, wherein, whether it were for meere niggardise, or that *Castaldo* stil eate out his heart with iealousie, saint *Anne* be our record, he turnd vp the heels verie deuoutly. To master *Aretine* after this, once more verie dutifully I appeald, requested him of fauour, acknowledged former gratuities, he made no more humming or halting, but in despite of her husbands kinsfolkes, gaue her her *Nunc dimittis*, and so establisht her free of my companie.

Being out, and fully possest of her husbands goods, she inuested me in the state of a monarch. Because the time of child-birth drew nigh, and she could not remaine in Venice but discredited, shee decreed to trauell whether so euer I would conduct her. To see Italy throughout was my proposed scope, and that waie if she would trauell, haue with her, I had wherewithall to releeue her.

From my master by her ful-hand prouokement I parted without leaue, the state of an Earle he had thrust vpon me before, & now I would not bate him an ace of it. Through all the cities past I by no other name but the yong Earle of Surry, my pomp, my apparel, traine, and expence, was nothing inferior to his, my looks were as loftie, my wordes as magnificall. Memorandum, that Florence being the principall scope of my masters course, missing mee hee iourneyed thether without interruption. By the waie as hee went, hee heard of another Earle of Surry besides himselfe, which caused him make more hast to fetch me in, whom hee little dreamed off had such arte in my budget, to separate the shadow from the bodie. Ouertake me at Florence he did, where sitting in my pontificalibus with my curtizan at supper, lyke *Anthonie* and *Cleopatra*, when they

quafte standing boules of Wine spiced with pearle together, he stole in ere we sent for him, and bad much good it vs, and askt vs whether wee wanted anie gests. If he had askt me whether I would haue hanged my selfe, his question had bin more acceptable. Hee that had then vngartered me, might haue pluckt out my heart at my heeles.

My soule which was made to soare vpward, now sought for passage downward, my bloud as the blushing Sabine maids surprised on the sodaine by the souldiers of *Romulus*, ranne to the noblest of bloud amongst them for succour, that were in no lesse (if not greater danger) so did it runne for refuge to the noblest of his bloude about my hart assembled, that stood in more need it selfe of comfort and refuge. A trembling earthquake or shaking feauer assailed either of vs, and I thinke vnfainedly, if he seeing our faint heart agonie, had not soone cheered and refreshed vs, the dogs had gone together by the eares vnder the table for our feare-dropped lims.

In sted of menacing or afrighting me with his swoorde or his frounes for my superlatiue presumption, he burst out into laughter aboue Ela, to thinke how brauely napping he had tooke vs, and how notably we were dampt and stroke dead in the neast, with the vnexpected view of his presence.

Ah, quoth he, my noble Lord (after his tongue had borrowed a little leaue of his laughter) is it my lucke to visite you thus vnlookt for, I am sure you will bidde mee welcome, if it bee but for the names sake. It is a wonder to see two English Earles of one house at one time together in Italy. I hearing him so pleasant, began to gather vp my spirites, and replid as boldly as I durst: Sir, you are welcome, your name which I borrowed I haue not abused, some large summes of monie this my sweet mistres *Diamante* hath made me master of, which I knew not how better to imploy for the honor of my country, than by spending it munificently vnder your name. No English-man

would I haue renowmed for bountie, magnificence and curtesie but you, vnder your colours all my meritorious workes I was desirous to shroud. Deeme it no insolence to adde increase to your fame.[1] Had I basely and beggarly, wanting abilitie to support anie part of your roialtie, vndertooke the estimation of this high calling, your alleadgement of iniurie had bin the greater, and my defence lesse authorised. It will be thought but a policie of yours thus to send one before you, who being a follower of yours, shall keepe and vpholde the estate and port of an Earle. I haue knowen many Earles my selfe that in their owne persons would go verie plaine, but delighted to haue one that belonged to them (being loden with iewels, apparelled in cloth of golde, and al the rich imbroderie that might be) to stand bare headed vnto him, arguing thus much, that if the greatest men went not more sumptuous, how more great than the greatest was he that could cõmand one going so sumptuous. A noble mans glory appeareth in nothing so much as in the pompe of his attendants. What is the glory of the Sunne, but that the Moone and so many millions of starres borrow their lights from him ? If you can reprehend me of anie one illiberall licentious action I haue disparaged your name with, heape shame on me prodigally, I beg no pardon or pittie.

Non veniunt in idem pudor & amor, he was loth to detract from one that he loued so. Beholding with his eyes that I clipte not the wings of his honour, but rather increast them with additions of expence, he intreated me as if I had bin an Embassadour, he gaue mee his hand and swore he had no more heartes but one, and I shoulde haue halfe of it, in that I so inhanced his obscured reputation. One thing, quoth he, my sweet *Iacke* I will intreate thee (it shall bee but one) that though I am well pleased thou shouldest bee the ape of my birthright, (as what noble man hath not his ape & his foole) yet that thou be an ape without a clog,

[1] Deeme . . . fame *A* : *om. B.*

not carrie thy curtizan with thee. I tolde him that a king could doe nothing without his treasurie, this curtizan was my purs-bearer, my countenance and supporter. My Earledome I would sooner resigne, than parte with such a specyall benefactor. Resigne it I will how euer, since I am thus challenged of stolne goods by the true owner: Lo, into my former state I return agayne; poore *Iacke Wilton* and your seruant am I, as I was at the beginning, and so wil I perseuer to my liues ending.

That theame was quickly cut off, & other talke entered in place, of what I haue forgot, but talke it was, and talke let it be, & talke it shall be, for I do not meane here to remember it. Wee supt, we got to bed, rose in the morning, on my master I waited, & the first thing he did after he was vp, he went and visited the house where his *Geraldine* was borne, at sight whereof hee was so impassioned that in the open street but for me, he would haue made an oration in prayse of it. Into it we were conducted, and shewed eache seuerall roome thereto appertaining. O but when hee came to the chamber where his *Geraldines* cleere Sunbeames first thrust themselues into this cloud of flesh, and acquainted mortalitie with the purity of Angels, then did his mouth ouerflow with magnificats, his tong thrust the starres out of heauen, and eclipsed the Sun and Moone with comparisons; *Geraldine* was the soule of heauen, sole daughter and heir to *primus motor*. The alcumie of his eloquence out of the incomprehensible drossie matter of cloudes and aire, distilled no more quintescence than would make his *Geraldine* compleat faire. In prayse of the chamber that was so illuminatiuely honored with her radiant conception, he penned this sonet.

Faire roome the presence of sweet beauties pride,
The place the Sunne vpon the earth did hold,
When Phaeton his chariot did misguide,
The towre where Ioue raind downe himselfe in golde,

Prostrate as holy ground Ile worship thee,
Our Ladies chappell henceforth be thou namd,
Here first loues Queene put on mortalitie,
And with her beautie all the world inflamd.
Heauens chambers harbering fierie cherubines,
Are not with thee in glorie to compare ;
Lightning it is not light which[1] *in thee shines,*
None enter thee but straight intranced are.
O, if Elizium be aboue the ground,
Then here it is, where nought but ioy is found.

Many other poems and epigrams in that chambers patient alablaster inclosure (which her melting eies long sithence had softned) were curiously ingraued. Diamonds thought thẽselues *Dii mundi*, if they might but carue her name on the naked glasse. With thẽ on it did he anatomize these body-wanting mots, *Dulce puella malum est.*[2] *Quod fugit ipse sequor. Amor est mihi causa sequẽdi. O infœlix ego. Cur vidi, cur perii. Non patienter amo. Tantũ patiatur amari.* After the view of these veneriall[3] monuments, he published a proud challenge in the Duke of Florence court against all commers (whether Christians, Turkes, Iewes, or Saracens, in defence of his *Geraldines* beautie. More mildly was it accepted, in that she whom he defended, was a towne borne child of that citie, or else the pride of the Italian would haue preuented him ere he should haue come to performe it. The Duke of Florence neuerthelesse sent for him, and demaunded him of his estate, and the reason that drew him thereto, which when hee was aduertised of to the full, hee graunted all Countryes whatsoeuer, as well enemies and outlawes, as friends and confederates, free accesse and regresse into his dominions vnmolested, vntill that insolent triall were ended.

[1] *Lightning . . . which A* : *Lightning it is no lightning which B.*
[2] *malum est. A* : *malnest, B.*
[3] veneriall *A* : generall B.

The right honorable and euer renowmed Lord *Henrie Howard* earle of Surrie my singular good Lord and master, entered the lists after this order. His armour was all intermixed with lillyes and roses, and the bases thereof bordered with nettles and weeds, signifieng stings, crosses, and ouergrowing incumberances in his loue, his helmet round proportioned lyke a gardners water-pot, from which seemed to issue forth small thrids of water, like citterne strings, that not onely did moisten the lyllyes and roses, but did fructifie as well the nettles and weeds, and made them ouergrow theyr liege Lords. Whereby he did import thus much, that the teares that issued from his braines, as those arteficiall distillations issued from the well counterfeit water-pot on his head, watered and gaue lyfe as well to his mistres disdaine (resembled to nettles and weeds) as increase of glorie to her care-causing beauty (comprehended vnder the lillies and roses.) The simbole thereto annexed was this, *Ex lachrimis lachrimæ*. The trappings of his horse were pounced and bolstered out with rough plumed siluer plush, in full proportion and shape of an Estrich. On the breast of the horse were the fore-parts of this greedie bird aduanced, whence as his manner is, hee reacht out his long necke to the raines of the bridle, thinking they had bin yron, & styll seemed to gape after the golden bit, and euer as the courser did raise or coruet, to haue swallowed it halfe in. His wings, which he neuer vseth but running, beeing spread full saile, made his lustie stead as proud vnder him as he had bin some other *Pegasus*, & so quiueringly and tenderly were these his broade winges bounde to either side of him, that as he paced vp and downe the tilt-yard in his maiesty ere the knights were entered, they seemed wantonly to fan in his face, and make a flickering sound, such as Eagles doe, swiftly pursuing their praie in the ayre. On either of his wings, as the Estrich hath a sharpe goad or pricke wherewith he spurreth himselfe forward in his saile-assisted race, so this arteficiall Estrich on the inbent knuckle of the

pinion of either wing had embossed christall eyes affixed, wherein wheelewise were circularly ingrafted sharpe pointed diamonds, as rayes from those eyes deriued, that like the rowell of a spur ran deep into his horse sides, and made him more eager in his course. Such a fine dim shine did these christall eies and these round enranked diamonds make through their bolne swelling bowres of feathers, as if it had bin a candle in a paper lanterne, or a gloworme in a bush by night glistering through the leaues & briers. The taile of the estrich being short and thicke, serued verie fitly for a plume to tricke vp his horse taile with, so that euery parte of him was as naturally coapted as might be. The worde to this deuice was *Aculeo alatus*, I spread my wings onely spurd with her eyes. The morall of the whole is this, that as the estrich, the most burning sighted bird of all others, insomuch as the female of them hatcheth not her egs by couering them, but by the effectual rayes of her eyes, as he, I say, outstrippeth the nimblest trippers of his feathered condition in[1] footmanship, onely spurd on with the needle quickning goad vnder his side: so he no lesse burning sighted than the estrich, spurde on to the race of honor by the sweet rayes of his mistres eyes, perswaded himselfe he should outstrip all other in running to the goale of glorie, onely animated and incited by hir excellence. And as the estrich will eate yron, swallow anie hard mettall whatsoeuer, so woulde he refuse no iron[2] aduenture, no hard taske whatsoeuer, to sit in the grace of so fayre a commander. The order of his shielde was this, it was framed lyke a burning glasse beset rounde with flame coloured feathers, on the outside whereof was his mistres picture adorned as beautifull as arte could portrature, on the inside a naked sword tyed in a true loue knot, the mot, *Militat omnis amans*. Signifieng that in a true loue knot his sword was tried to defend and maintaine the features of his mistres.

[1] in *A*: and *B*. [2] iron *A*: *om. B*.

Next him entered the blacke knight, whose beuer was pointed all torne & bloudie, as though he had new come from combatting with a Beare, his head piece seemed to bee a little ouen fraught full with smoothering flames, for nothing but sulphur and smoake voided out at the clefts of his beuer. His bases were all imbrodred with snakes and adders, ingendered of the aboundance of innocent bloud that was shed. His horses trappinges were throughout bespangled with hunnie spottes, which are no blemishes, but ornaments. On his shield hee bare the Sunne full shining on a diall at his going downe, the word *sufficit tandem.*

After him followed the knight of the Owle, whose armor was a stubd tree ouergrowne with iuie, his helmet fashioned lyke an owle sitting on the top of this iuie, on his bases were wrought all kinde of birdes as on the grounde wondering about him; the word, *Ideo mirum quia monstrum*, his horses furniture was framed like a carte, scattering whole sheaues of corne amongst hogs, the word, *Liberalitas liberalitate perit.* On his shield a Bee intangled in sheepes wool, the mot, *Frontis nulla fides.* The fourth that succeeded was a wel proportioned knight in an armor imitating rust, whose head peece was prefigured lyke flowers growing in a narrowe pot, where they had not anie space to spread their roots or disperse their flourishing. His bases embelisht with open armed hands scatring gold[1] amongst trunchions, the word, *Cura futuri est.* His horse was harnessed with leaden chaines, hauing the out-side guilt, or at least saffrond in sted of gilt, to decypher a holy or golden pretence of a couetous purpose, the sentence, *Cani capilli mei compedes*, on his target he had a number of crawling wormes kept vnder by a blocke, the faburthen *Speramus lucent.* The fift was the forsaken knight, whose helmet was crowned with nothing but cipresse and willow garlandes, ouer his armour he had *Himens*[2] nuptiall robe

[1] scatring like gold *B*: scattering golde *A*.
[2] had *Hiems B*: had on *Himens A*.

died in a duskie yelowe, and all to be defaced and discoloured with spots and staines. The enigma, *Nos quoque florimus*, as who should say, we haue bin in fashion, his sted was adorned with orenge tawnie eies, such as those haue that haue the yellow iandies, that make all things yellow they looke vppon, with this briefe, *Qui inuident egent*, those that enuy are hungry. The sixt was the knight of the stormes, whose helmet was rounde molded lyke the moone, and all his armor like waues, whereon the shine of the moone slightly siluerd, perfectly represented moone-shine in the water, his bases were the bankes or shores that bounded in the streames. The spoke was this, *Frustra pius*,—as much to saye as fruitlesse seruice. On his shield hee set foorth a lion driuen from his praie by a dunghill cock. The word, *Non vi sed voce*, not by violence but by voyce. The seuenth had lyke the giants that sought to scale heauen in despight of *Iupiter*, a mount ouerwhelming his head and whole bodie. His bases out-laid with armes and legges, which the skirtes of that mountaine left vncouered, vnder this did he characterise a man desirous to climbe to the heauen of honour, kept vnder with the mountaine of his princes command, and yet had he armes and legs exempted from the suppression of that mountain. The word *Tu mihi criminis author* (alluding to his Princes command) thou art the occasion of my imputed cowardise. His horse was trapt in the earthie strings of tree rootes, which though theyr increase was stubbed downe to the ground, yet were they not vtterly deaded, but hoped for an after resurrection. The worde *Spe alor*, I hope for a spring. Vpon his shield he bare a ball striken downe with a mans hand that it might mount. The worde, *Ferior vt efferar*, I suffer my selfe to be contemned because I will climbe. The eight had all his armor throughout engrailed like a crabbed brierie hawthorne bush, out of which notwithstanding sprong (as a good child of an il father) fragrant blossomes of delightfull may flowers, that made

(according to the nature of may) a most odoriferous smell. In midst of this his snowie curled top, round wrapped together, on the ascending of his creast sate a solitarie nightingale close encaged, with a thorne at her breast, hauing this mot in her mouth, *Luctus monumenta manebunt*. At the foot of this bush represented on his bases, laye a number of blacke swolne Toads gasping for winde, and Summer liude gras-hoppers gaping after deaw, both which were choakt with excessiue drouth for want of shade. The worde, *Non sine vulnere viresco*, I spring not without impedimentes, alluding to the Toads and such lyke that earst lay sucking at his rootes, but nowe were turnd out, and neere choakt with drought. His horse was suted in blacke sandy earth (as adiacent to this bush) which was here and there patched with short burnt grasse, and as thicke inke dropped with toiling ants and emets as euer it might crall, who in the full of the summer moone, (ruddie garnished on his horses forehead) hoorded vp theyr prouision of graine against winter. The worde, *Victrix fortunæ sapientia*, prouidence preuents misfortune. On his shield he set foorth the picture of death doing almes deeds to a number of poore desolate children. The word, *Nemo alius explicat*. No other man takes pittie vpon vs. What his meaning was herein I cannot imagine, except death had done him and his brethren some great good turne in ridding thẽ of some vntoward parent or kinsman that would haue beene their confusion, for else I cannot see howe death shoulde haue bin sayd to doe almes deedes, except hee had depriued them sodainly of their liues, to deliuer them out of some further miserie, which could not in anie wise bee because [1] they were yet lyuing.

The ninth was the infant knight, who on his armour hadde ennameld a poore young infant put into a shippe without tackling, masts, furniture or anie thing. This weather-beaten or ill apparelled ship was shadowed on his

[1] bee because *A* : be cause *B*.

bases, and the slender compasse of his bodie set forth the right picture of an infant. The waues wherein the ship was tossed were fretted[1] on his steads trappinges so mouingly, that euer as he offered to bound or stir, they seemed to bounse and tosse, and sparkle brine out of their hoarie siluer billowes, the mot, *Inopem me copia fecit*, as much to saye, as the rich pray makes the theefe.

On his shield he expressed an olde goate that made a yong tree to wither onely with biting it, the word thereto, *Primo extinguor in æuo.* I am frost-bitten ere I come out of the blade.

It were here too tedious to manifest all the discontented or amorous deuises that were vsed in this turnament, the shields onely of some fewe I wyl touch to make short worke. One bare for his impresse the eyes of young swallowes comming againe after they were pluckt out, with this mot, *Et addit et addimit*, your beautie both bereaues and restores my sight. Another a syren smiling when the sea rageth and ships are ouerwhelmed, including a cruell woman, that laughs, sings, and scornes at her louers teares, and the tempestes of his despayre, the word, *Cuncta pereunt*, all my labor is ill imploide. A third being troubled with a curst, a trecherous and wanton wife, vsed this similitude. On his shield he caused to be limmed *Pompeies* ordinance for paracides, as namely a man put into a sacke with a cocke, a serpent, and an ape, interpreting that his wife was a cocke for her crowing, a serpent for her stinging, and an ape for her vnconstant wantonnes, with which ill qualities he was so beset, that therby he was throwen into a sea of griefe, the word *Extremum malorum mulier*, the vtmost of euils is a woman. A fourth, who being a person of suspected religion, was continually haunted with intellygencers and spies, that thought to praie vpon him for that he had, he could not deuise which waie

[1] fretted *A* : fettered *B*.

to shake them off, but by making away that he had. To obscure this, he vsed no other fansie but a number of blinde flyes, whose eyes the colde had inclosed, the word *Aurum reddit acutissimum*, Gold is the onely phisicke for the eie-sight. A fifth, whose mistres was fallen into a consumption, and yet woulde condescend to no treatie of loue, emblazoned for his complaint, grapes that withered for want of pressing. The dittie to the mot, *Quid regna sine vsu.* I wil rehearse no more, but I haue an hundred other, let this bee the vpshot of those shewes, they were the admirablest that euer Florence yelded. To particularize their manner of encounter were to describe the whole art of tilting. Some had like to haue fallen ouer their horse neckes, and so breake theyr neckes in breaking theyr staues. Others ranne at a buckle in sted of a button, and peradventure whetted theyr speares pointes, idlely gliding on theyr enemies sides, but did no other harme. Others ranne a crosse at their aduersaryes left elbow, yea, and by your leaue sometimes let not the lists scape scot-free they were so eager. Others because they woulde be sure not to be vnsadled with the shocke, when they came to the speares vtmost proofe, they threwe it ouer the right shoulder, and so tilted backward, for forward they durst not. Another had a monstrous spite at the pommel of his riuals saddle, and thought to haue thrust his speare twixt his legs without rasing anie skin, and carried him clean awaie on it as a coolestaffe. Another held his speare to his nose, or his nose to his speare, as though he had bin discharging his caliuer, and ranne at the right foote of his fellowes stead. Onely the Earle of Surrie my master obserued the true measures of honour, and made all his encounterers new scoure their armor in the dust: so great was his glory that day, as *Geraldine* was therby eternally glorifid. Neuer such a bountiful master came amongst the heralds (not that he did inrich them with anie plentifull purse largesse) but that by his sterne assaults he tithed them more rich offals

of bases, of helmets, of armor, than the rent of their offices came to in ten yeres before.

What would you haue more, the trumpets proclaimed him master of the field, the trumpets proclaimed *Geraldine* the exceptionlesse fayrest of women. Euerie one striued to magnifie him more than other.[1] The Duke of Florence, whose name (as my memorie serueth me) was *Paschal de Medicis*, offered him such large proffers to stay with him, as it were[2] incredible to report. He would not, his desire was as he had done in Florence, so to proceed throughout all the chiefe cities in Italy. If you aske why hee began not[3] this at Venice first. It was because he would let Florence, his mistres natiue citie haue the maidenhead of his chiualrie. As he came backe agayne he thought to haue enacted some thing there worthie the Annals of posteritie, but he was debard both of that and all his other determinations, for continuing in feasting and banketting with the Duke of Florence and the Princes of Italy there assembled, post-hast letters came to him from the king his master, to returne as speedily as he could possible into *England*, whereby his fame was quit cut off by the shins, and there was no repriue but *Bazelus manus*, hee must into England, and I with my curtizan trauelled forward in Italy. What aduentures happened him after we parted, I am ignorant, but Florence we both forsooke, and I hauing a wonderfull ardent inclination to see Rome, the Queen of the world, & metrapolitane mistres of all other cities, made thether with my bag and baggage as fast as I could.

Attained thether, I was lodged at the house of one *Iohannes de Imola* a Roman caualiero. Who being acquainted with my curtisans deceased doting husband, for his sake vsd vs with all the familiaritie that might be, he shewed vs all the monumentes that were to bee seene,

[1] Euerie one . . . other. *A* : *om. B.*
[2] were *A* : was *B.*
[3] not *A* : *om. B.*

which are as manye as there haue beene Emperours, Consulles, Oratours, Conquerours, famous painters or plaiers in *Rome*. Tyll this daie not a Romane (if he be a right Romane indeed) will kill a rat, but he will haue some registred remembraunce of it.

There was a poore fellowe during my remainder there, that for a newe tricke that hee had inuented of killing *Cymeses* and scorpions, had his montebanke banner hung vp on a high piller, with an inscription about it longer than the king of Spaines stile. I thought these *Cymesses* lyke the Cimbrians, hadde beene some straunge Nation hee hadde brought vnder, and they were no more but thinges lyke lice,[1] which aliue haue the most venimous sting that maye bee, and beeing dead, doe stinke out of measure, Saint Austen compareth heretikes vnto them. The chiefest thing that my eyes delighted in, was the church of the seuen *Sibels*, which is a most miraculous thing. All their prophesies and oracles being there inrolde, as also the beginning and ending of theyr whole catalogue of the heathen Gods, with theyr manner of worship. There are a number of other shrines and statues dedicated to the Emperours, and withall some statues of idolatrie reserued for detestation.

I was at *Pontius Pilates* house and pist against it. The name of the place I remember not, but it is as one goes to Saint Paules Church not farre from the iemmes *Piazza*. There is the prison yet packt vp together (an olde rotten thing) wher the man that was condemned to death, and coulde haue no bodie come to him and succour him but was searcht, was kepte aliue a long space by sucking his daughters breasts. These are but the shoppe dust of the sights that I sawe, and in truth I did not beholde with anie care hereafter to report, but contented my eie for the present, & so let them passe: should I memorize halfe the miracles which they there tolde mee had beene done

[1] lice *B*: sheepe-lice *A*.

about martyrs tombes, or the operations of the earth of the sepulchre, and other relikes brought from Ierusalem, I shoulde bee counted the monstrous lyer that euer came in print. The ruines of *Pompeies* theater, reputed one of the nine wõders of the world, *Gregori* ỹ sixths tombe, *Priscillas* grate, or the thousands of pillers arrered amongst the raced foundations of olde Rome, it were friuolous to specifie, since he that hath but once dronke with a traueller talks of them. Let me be a historiographer of my owne misfortunes, and not meddle with the continued Trophees of so olde a triumphing Citie.

At my first comming to Rome, I being a youth of the English cut, ware my haire long, went apparelled in light colours, and imitated foure or fiue sundry nations in my attire at once: which no sooner was noted, but I had all the boies of the citie in a swarme wondering about me.

I hadde not gone a little farther, but certaine officers croste the waie of mee, and demaunded to see my rapier: which when they found (as also my dagger) with his point vnblunted, they wold haue halde me headlong to the Strappado, but that with money I appeased them: and my fault was more pardonable in that I was a stranger, altogether ignorant of their customes. Note by the waye that it is the vse in *Rome*, for all men whatsoeuer to weare their haire short: which they doe not so much for conscience sake, or any religion they place in it, but because the extremitie of the heate is such there, that if they should not doe so, they should not haue a haire left on their heads to stand vpright when they were scard with sprights. And hee is counted no Gentleman amongest them that goes not in blacke: they dresse theyr iesters and fooles only in fresh colours, and saie variable garments doe argue vnstaiednes and vnconstancie of affections.

The reason of theyr straight ordinaunce for carrying weapons without points is this: The Bandettos, which are certayne outlawes that lie betwixt *Rome* and *Naples*, and

besiege the passage that none can trauell that waie without robbing. Nowe and then hired for some few crownes, they will steale to *Rome* and do a murther, and betake them to their heeles againe. Disguised as they goe, they are not knowen from strangers, sometimes they will shroude themselues vnder the habite of graue citizens. In this consideration neither citizen or stranger, gentleman, knight, marques, or anie may weare anie weapon endamageable vpon paine of the Strappado. I bought it out, let others buy experience of mee better cheape.

To tell you of the rare pleasures of their gardens, theyr bathes, theyr vineyardes, theyr galleries, were to write a seconde part of the gorgeous Gallerie of gallant deuices. Why, you should not come into anie mannes house of account, but hee hadde fish-pondes and little orchardes on the toppe of his [1] leads. If by raine or any other meanes those ponds were so full they need to be slust or let out, euen of their superfluities they made melodious vse, for they had great winde instruments in stead of leaden spoutes, that went duly on consort, onely with this waters rumbling discent. I sawe a summer banketting house belonging to a merchaunt, that was the meruaile of the world, & could not be matcht except God should make another paradise. It was builte round of greene marble, like a Theater with-out: within there was a heauen and earth comprehended both vnder one roofe, the heauen was a cleere ouerhanging vault of christall, wherein the Sunne and Moone, and each visible Starre had his true similitude, shine, scituation, and motion, and by what enwrapped arte I cannot conceiue, these spheares in their proper orbes obserued their circular wheelinges and turnings, making a certaine kinde of soft angelical murmering musicke in their often windings & going about, which musick the philosophers say in the true heauen by reason of the grosenes of our senses we are not capable of. For the earth it was

[1] his *A* : theyr *B*.

counterfeited in that liknes that Adam lorded out it before his fall. A wide vast spacious roome it was, such as we would conceit prince Arthurs hall to be, where he feasted all his knights of the round table together euerie penticost. The flore was painted with the beautifullest flouers that euer mans eie admired which so linealy were delineated, that he that viewd them a farre off and had not directly stood poaringly ouer them, would haue sworne they had liued in deede. The wals round about were hedgde with Oliues and palme trees, and all other odoriferous fruit-bearing plants, which at anie solemne intertainment dropt mirrhe and frankensence. Other trees that bare no fruit, were set in iust order one against another, & diuided the roome into a number of shadie lanes, leauing but one ouer spreading pine tree arbor, where wee sate and banketted. On the wel clothed boughs of this conspiracie of pine trees against the resembled Sun beames, were pearcht as many sortes of shrill breasted birdes as the Summer hath allowed for singing men in hir siluane chappels. Who though there were bodies without soules, and sweete resembled substances without sense, yet by the mathemeticall experimentes of long siluer pipes secretlye inrinded in the intrailes of the boughs whereon they sate, and vndiscerneablie conuaid vnder their bellies into their small throats sloaping, they whistled and freely carold theyr naturall field note. Neyther went those siluer pipes straight, but by many edged vnsundred writhings, & crankled wanderinges a side strayed from bough to bough into an hundred throats. But into this siluer pipe so writhed and wandering aside, if anie demand how the wind was breathed. Forsoth ye tail of the siluer pipe stretcht it selfe into the mouth of a great paire of belowes, where it was close soldered, and bailde a bout with yron, it coulde not stirre or haue anie vent betwixt. Those bellowes with the rising and falling of leaden plummets wounde vp on a wheele, dyd beate vp and downe vncessantly, and so gathered in wind, seruing with one

blast all the snarled pipes to and fro of one tree at once. But so closely were all those organizing implements obscured in the corpulent trunks of the trees, that euerie man there present renounst coniectures of art, and sayd it was done by inchantment.

One tree for his fruit bare nothing but inchained chirping birdes, whose throates beeing conduit pipt with squared narrowe shels, & charged siring-wise with searching sweet water, driuen in by a little wheele for the nonce, that fed it a farre of, made a spirting sound, such as chirping is in bubling vpwards through the rough crannies of their closed bills. Vnder tuition of the shade of euerie tree that I haue signified to be in this round hedge, on delightful leuie cloisters lay a wylde tyranous beast asleepe all prostrate: vnder some two together, as the Dogge nusling his nose vnder the necke of the Deare, the Wolfe glad to let the Lambe lye vpon hym to keepe him warme, the Lyon suffering the Asse to cast hys legge ouer him: preferring one honest vnmannerly friende, before a number of croutching picke-thankes. No poysonous beast there reposed, (poyson was not before our parent *Adam* transgressed). There were no sweete-breathing Panthers, that would hyde their terrifying heads to betray: no men imitating *Hyænaes*, that chaunged their sexe to seeke after bloud. Wolues as now when they are hungrie eate earth, so then did they feed on earth only, and abstained from innocent flesh. The Vnicorne did not put his horne into the streame to chase awaye venome before hee dronke, for then there was no suche thing extant in the water or on the earth. Serpents were as harmlesse to mankinde, as they are still one to another: the rose had no cankers, the leues no caterpillers, the sea no *Syrens*, the earth no vsurers. Goats then bare wooll, as it is recorded in *Sicily* they doo yet. The torride Zone was habitable: only Iayes loued to steale gold and siluer to build their nests withall, and none cared for couetous clientrie, or runing to the Indies. As the Elephant

vnderstands his countrey speach, so euerie beast vnderstood what man spoke. The ant did not hoord vp against winter, for there was no winter but a perpetuall spring, as *Ouid* sayth. No frosts to make the greene almound tree counted rash and improuident, in budding soonest of all other: or the mulberie tree a strange polititian, in blooming late and ripening early. The peach tree at the first planting was fruitfull and wholsome, whereas now till it be transplanted, it is poisonous and hatefull: young plants for their sap had balme, for their yeolow gumme glistering amber. The euening deawd not water on flowers, but honnie. Such a golden age, such a good age, such an honest age was set forth in this banketting house. O *Rome*, if thou hast in thee such soul exalting obiects, what a thing is heauen in comparison of thee? Of which *Mercators* globe is a perfecter modell than thou art: yet this I must saie to the shame of vs protestants, if good workes may merite heauen they doe them, we talke of them. Whether supersticion or no makes them vnprofitable seruants, that let pulpits decide: but there you shall haue the brauest ladies, in gownes of beaten golde washing pilgrimes & poore souldiers feete, and doing nothing they and their waiting maides all the yeare long, but making shirts and bands for them against they come by in distresse. Their hospitals are more lyke noble mens houses than otherwise, so richly furnished, cleane kept, and hot perfumed, that a souldier would thinke it a sufficient recompence for all his trauell and his wounds, to haue such a heauenly retyring place. For the pope and his pontificalibus I will not deale with, onely I will dilate vnto you what happened whilest I was in *Rome*.

So it fel out, that it being a vehement hot summer when I was a soiourner there, there entered such a hotspurd plague as hath not bin heard of: why it was but a word and a blowe, Lord haue mercie vpon vs and he was gone. Within three quarters of a yeere in that one citie there died of it a hundred thousand looke in *Lanquets* chronicle and

you shall finde it. To smell of a nosegay that was poisond, and turne your nose to a house that had the plague, it was all one. The clouds like a number of cormorants that keepe their corne til it stinke and is mustie, kept in their stinking exhalations till they had almost stifeled all *Romes* inhabitants. Phisitions greedines of golde made them greedie of their destinie. They would come to visit those with whose infirmitie their art had no affinitie, and euen as a man with a fee should be hired to hang himselfe, so would they quietly go home and die presently after they had bin with their patients. All daye and all night long carre-men did nothing but go vp and downe the streets with their carts and cry, Haue you anie dead bodies to bury and had many times out of one house their whole loding: one graue was the sepulchre of seuen score, one bed was the alter whereon whole families were offered. The wals were hoard and furd with the moist scorching steame of their desolation. Even as before a gun is shot off, a stinking smoake funnels out, and prepares the way for him, so before any gaue vp the ghost, death araid in a stinking smoak stopt his nostrels, and cramd it selfe [1] ful into his mouth that closed vp his fellows eyes, to giue him warning to prepare for his funeral. Some dide sitting at their meat, others as they were asking counsell of the phisition for theyr friends. I sawe at the house where I was hosted a maide bring her master warme broth for to comfort him, and shee sinke downe dead her selfe ere he had halfe eate it vp.

During this time of visitation, there was a Spaniard, one *Esdras* of *Granado*, a notable Bandetto, authorised by the pope, because he had assisted him in some murthers. This villain colleagued with one *Bartol* a desperate Italian, practised to breake into those riche mens houses in the night where the plague had most rained, and if there were none but the mistres and maide left aliue, to rauish them

[1] selfe *A*: *om. B.*

both, & bring awaie all the wealth they could fasten on. In an hundred chiefe citizens houses where the hand of God had bene they put this outrage in vre. Though the women so rauished cride out, none durst come neere them for feare of catching their deaths by them, and some thought they cried out onely with the tyrannie of the maladie. Amongst the rest, the house where I lay he inuaded, where al being snatcht vp by sicknes but the good wife of the house, a noble & chaste matrone called *Heraclide* and her zanie, and I and my curtizan, hee knocking at the doore late in the night, ranne in to the matrone, and left me and my loue to the mercie of his companion. Who finding me in bed (as the time requird) ranne at me ful with his rapier, thinking I would resist him, but as good luck was I escapt him, and betooke me to my pistoll in the window vncharged. He, fearing it had beene charged, threatned to runne her through if I once offered but to aime at him. Foorth the chamber hee dragde her, holding his rapier at her heart, whilest I cride out, Saue her, kill me, and Ile ransome her with a thousande duckets: but lust preuailed, no prayers woulde be heard. Into my chamber I was lockte, and watchmen charged[1] (as hee made semblaunce when there was none there) to knocke mee downe with theyr halberdes if I stirde but a foote downe the stayres. Then threw I my selfe pensiue againe on my pallate, and darde all the deuiles in hell nowe I was alone to come and fight with mee one after another in defence of that detestable rape. I beat my head against the wals & cald them bauds, because they would see such a wrong committed, and not fall vppon him. To returne to *Heraclide* below, whom the vgliest of all bloud suckers *Esdras* of *Granado* had vnder shrift. First he assayled her with rough meanes, and slue hir *Zanie* at hir foote, that stept before hir in rescue. Then when all armed resist was put to flight, he assaied her with honie speech, & promised her more iewells and giftes than hee was able to

[1] charged *A* : *om. B.*

pilfer in an hundred yeres after. He discourst vnto her how he was countenanced and borne out by the pope, and how many execrable murthers with impunitie he had executed on them that displeasde him. This is the eight score house (quoth he) that hath done homage vnto me, & here I will preuaile, or I will bee torne in pieces. Ah quoth *Heraclide* (with a hart renting sigh), art thou ordaind to be a worse plague to me than ẽ plague it selfe? Haue I escapt the hands of God to fal into ẽ hands of man? Heare me *Iehouah*, & be merciful in ending my miserie. Dispatch me incontinent dissolute homicide deaths vsurper. Here lies my husband stone colde on the dewie floore. If thou beest of more power than God, to strike me speedily, strike home, strike deepe, send me to heauen with my husband. Aie me, it is the spoil of my honor thou seekest in my soules troubled departure, thou art some deuill sent to tempt me. Auoid from me sathan, my soule is my sauiours, to him I haue bequeathed it, from him can no man take it. Iesu, Iesu spare mee vndefiled for thy spouse, Iesu, Iesu neuer faile those that put their trust in thee. With that she fell in a sowne, and her eies in their closing seemed to spaune forth in their outward sharpe corners new created seed pearle, which the world before neuer set eie on. Soone he rigorously reuiued her, & told her ẽ he had a charter aboue scripture, she must yeld, she should yeld,[1] see who durst remoue her out of his hands. Twixt life and death thus she faintly replied. How thinkest thou, is there a power aboue thy power, if there be, he is here present in punishment, and on thee will take present punishment if thou persistest in thy enterprise. In the time of securitie euerie man sinneth, but when death substitutes one frend his special baily to arrest another by infection, and dispearseth his quiuer into ten thousande hands at once, who is it but lookes about him? A man that hath an vneuitable huge stone hanging only by a haire ouer

[1] she should yeld, *A* : *om. B*

his head, which he lokes eueric Pater noster while to fall and pash him in peeces, will not he be submissiuely sorrowfull for his trans-gressions, refraine himselfe from the least thought of folly, and purifie his spirit with contrition and penitence? Gods hand like a huge stone hangs ineuitably ouer thy head: what is the plague, but death playing the Prouost Marshall, to execute all those that will not be called home by anie other meanes? This my dere knights bodie is a quiuer of his arrowes which alreadie are shot into thee inuisibly. Euen as the age of goats is knowen by the knots on their hornes, so thinke the anger of God apparantly visioned or showne vnto thee in the[1] knitting of my browes. A hundred haue I buried out of my house, at all whose departures I haue been present: a hundreds infection is mixed with my breath: loe, now I breath vpon thee, a hundred deaths come vppon thee. Repent betimes, imagine there is a hell though not a heauen: that hell thy conscience is thoroughly acquainted with, if thou hast murdered half so manie, as thou vnblushingly braggest. As *Mecœnas* in the latter end of his daies was seuen yeres without sleepe, so these seuen weeks haue I tooke no slumber, my eyes haue kept continuall watch against the diuell my enemie: death I deemed my frend (frends flye from vs in aduersitie), death, the diuell, and all the ministring spirits of temptation are watching about thee to intrap thy soule (by my abuse) to eternall damnation. It is thy soule thou maist saue, onely by sauing mine honour. Death will haue thy bodie infallibly for breaking into my house, that he had selected for his priuate habitation. If thou euer camst of a woman, or hopest to be saued by the seed of a woman, pittie a woman. Deares oppressed with dogges, when they cannot take soyle, run to men for succour: to whom should women in theyr disconsolate and desperate estate run, but to Men (like the Deare) for succour and sanctuarie. If thou be a man, thou

[1] the *A*: *om. B*.

wilt succour mee, but if thou be a dog and a brute beast, thou wilt spoile mee, defile mee, and teare me: either renounce Gods image, or renounce the wicked mind thou bearest.

These words might haue mooud a compound hart of yron and adamant, but in his hart they obtained no impression: for he sitting in his chaire of state against the doore all the while that she pleaded, leaning his ouer-hanging gloomie ey-browes on the pommell of his vnsheathed sword, he neuer lookt vp or gaue hir a word: but when he perceiued she expected his answer of grace or vtter perdition, he start vp and tooke her currishly by the neck, asking how long he should stay for hir Ladiship. Thou telst me (quoth he) of the plague, & the heauie hand of God, and thy hundred infected breaths in one: I tel thee I haue cast the dice an hundred times for the gallies in *Spaine*, and yet still mist the ill chance. Our order of casting is this, If there be a Generall or Captaine new come home from the warres, & hath some 4. or 500. crownes ouerplus of the Kings in his hand, and his soldiers all paid, he makes proclamation, that whatsoeuer two resolute men will goe to dice for it, and win the bridle or lose the saddle, to such a place let them repaire, and it shall be readie for them. Thither go I, and finde another such needie squire resident. The dice run, I win he is vndone. I winning haue the crownes, hee loosing is carried to the Galleyes. This is our custome, which a hundred times and more hath paid me custome of crownes, when the poore fellowes haue gone to *Gehenna*, had course bread and whipping chere al their life after. Now thinkest thou that I who so oft haue escaped such a number of hellish dangers, onely depending vppon the turning of a fewe prickes, can bee scare-bugd with the plague? what plague canst thou name worse than I haue had? whether diseases, imprisonment, pouertie, banishment, I haue past through them all. My owne mother gaue I a boxe of the eare too, and brake her necke

downe a paire of staires, because she would not goe into a Gentleman when I bad her: my sister I sold to an old Leno to make his best of her: anie kinswoman that I haue knew I she were not a whore, my selfe would make her one: thou art a whore, thou shalt be a whore, in spite of religion, or precise ceremonies.

Therewith he flew vpon her, and threatned her with his sword, but it was not that he meant to wound her with. He graspt her by the yuorie throat, and shooke her as a mastiffe would shake a yong beare, swearing and staring he would teare out her weasand if shee refused. Not content with that sauage constraint, he slipt his sacriligius hand from her lilly lawne skinned necke, and inscarft it in her long siluer lockes, which with strugling were vnrould. Backward he dragd her euen as a man backwarde would plucke a tree downe by the twigs, and then like a traitor that is drawen to execution on a hurdle, he traileth her vp and down the chamber by those tender vntwisted braids, and setting his barbarous foote on her bare snowy breast, bad her yeld or haue her winde stampt out. She cride, stamp, stifle me in my haire, hang me vp by it on a beame, and so let me die, rather than I should goe to heauen with a beame in my eye. No quoth he, nor stampt, nor stifled, nor hanged, nor to heauen shalt thou go till I haue had my wil of thee thy busie armes in these silken fetters Ile infold. Dismissing her haire from his fingers, and pinnioning her elbowes therwithall, she strugled, she wrested, but all was in vaine. So strugling, and so resisting, her iewels did sweate, signifying there was poison cõming towards her. On the hard boords he threw her, and vsed his knee as an yron ramme to beat ope the two leavd gate of her chastitie. Her husbands dead bodie he made a pillow to his abhomination. Coniecture the rest, my words sticke fast in the myre and are cleane tyred, would I had neuer vndertooke this tragicall tale. Whatsoeuer is borne, is borne to haue an end. Thus ends my tale, his

whorish[1] lust was glutted, his beastly desire satisfied: what in the house of anie worth was carriageable, he put vp, and went his way.

Let not your sorrow die: you that haue read the proeme of the narration of this eligiacall historie. Shew you haue quick wits in sharp conceipt of compassion. A woman that hath viewed all her children sacrificed before her eyes, & after the first was slaine, wyped the sword with her apron to prepare it for the cleanly murther of the second, and so on forward till it come to the empiercing of the seuenteenth of her loynes, will not you giue her great allowance of anguish? This woman, this matrone, this forsaken *Heraclide*, hauing buried fourteene children in fiue daies, whose eyes she howlingly closed, & caught manie wrinckles with funerall kisses: besides, hauing her husband within a day after laid forth as a comfortles corse, a carrionly blocke, that could neither eate with her, speak with her, nor weepe with her, is she not to bee borne withall, though her body swell with a Timpany of teares, thogh her speech be as impatient as vnhappie *Hecubas*, thogh her head raues, and her braine doate? Deuise with your selues that you see a corse rising from his hierce after he is caried to church, & such another suppose *Heraclide* to be, rising from the couch of enforced adulterie.

Her eies wer dim, her cheeks bloodles, her breath smelt earthy, her countnance was gastly. Vp she rose after she was deflowred, but loath she arose, as a reprobate soule rising to the day of iudgement. Looking on the tone side as she rose, she spide her husbands bodie lying vnder her head: ah then she bewailed, as *Cephalus* when he had kild *Procris* vnwittingly, or *Oedipus* when ignorantly he had slaine his father, & known his mother incestuously: this was her subdued resons discourse.

Haue I livd to make my husbands bodie the beere to carrie mee to hell? had filthy pleasure no other pillow to

[1] whorish *B*: boorish *A*

leane vpon but his spredded lims ? On thy flesh my fault shall be imprinted at the day of resurrection. O beautie, the bait ordained to insnare the irreligious : rich men are robd for their welth, women are dishonested for being too fair. No blessing is beautie but a curse : curst be the time that euer I was begotten, curst be the time that my Mother brought mee foorth to tempt. The serpent in paradice did no more, the serpent in paradice is damned sempiternally : why should not I hold my selfe damned (if predestinations opinions be true) that am predestinate to this horrible abuse. The hog dieth presently if he looseth an eye : with the hog haue I wallowed in the myre, I haue lost my eye of honestie, it is cleane pluckt out with a strong hand of vnchastitie : what remaineth but I dye ? Die I will, though life be vnwilling : no recompence is there for me to redeeme my compelled offence, but with a rigorous compelled death. Husband, Ile bee thy wife in Heauen : let not thy pure deceased spirit despise me when we meet, because I am tyranously polluted. The diuell, the belier of our frailtie, and common accuser of mankinde, cannot accuse mee though hee would of vnconstrained submitting. If anie guilt be mine, this is my fault, that I did not deforme my face, ere it should so impiouslie allure. Hauing passioned thus awhile, she hastely ran and lookt hir selfe in hir glasse, to see if her sin were not written on her forhead : with looking shee blusht, though none lookt vpon her, but her owne reflected image.

Then began she againe. *Heu quam difficile est crimen non prodere vultu :* How hard is it not to bewray a mans falt by his forhead. My selfe doo but behold my selfe, and yet I blush : then God beholding me, shall not I be ten times more ashamed ? The Angels shall hisse at me, the Saints and Martyrs flye from me : yea, God himselfe shall adde to the diuels damnation, because he suffered such a wicked creature to come before him. *Agamemnon*, thou wert an infidell, yet when thou wentst to the *Troian* warre,

thou leftst a musitian at home with thy Wife, who by playing the foote *Spondæus* till thy retourne, might keepe her in chastitie. My husband going to warre with the diuell and his enticements, when hee surrendred left no musition with me, but mourning and melancholy: had he left anie, as *Ægistus* kild *Agamemnons* Musitian ere he could be succesfull, so surely would hee haue been kild ere this *Ægistus* surceased. My distressed heart as the Hart when as hee looseth his hornes is astonied, and sorrowfullie runneth to hide himselfe, so be thou afflicted and distressed, hide thy selfe vnder the Almighties wings of mercie: sue, plead, intreate, grace is neuer denied to them that aske. It may be denied, I maie be a vessell ordained to dishonor.

The onely repeale we haue from Gods vndefinite chastisement, is to chastise our selues in this world: and I will, nought but death be my pennance, gracious and acceptable maie it be: my hand and my knife shall manumit mee out of the horrour of minde I endure. Fare-well, life, that hast lent me nothing but sorrowe. Fare-well sinne-sowed flesh, that hast more weedes than flowers, more woes than ioies. Point pierce, edge enwiden, I patiently affoorde thee a sheath: spurre forth my soule to mount poste to heauen. Iesu forgiue me, Iesu receive me.

So (throughlie stabd) fell she downe, and knockt her head against her husbands bodie: wherwith, he not hauing been aired his ful foure and twentie howres, start as out of a dreame: whiles I thorough a crannie of my vpper chamber vnseeled, had beheld all this sad spectacle. Awaking, he rubbed his head too and fro, and wyping his eyes with his hand began to looke about him. Feeling some thing lie heauie on his breast, he turned it off, and getting vpon his legs lighted a candle.

Here beginneth my purgatorie. For hee good man comming into the hall with the candle, and spying his wife with hir haire about hir eares defiled and massacred, and his simple Zanie *Capestrano* runne through, tooke a halberd

in his hand, and running from chamber to chamber to serch who in his house was likelie to doo it, at length found me lying on my bed, the doore lockt to me on the out-side, and my rapier vnsheathed in the window : wherewith he straight coniectured it was I. And calling the neighbours hard by, said, I had caused my self to be lockt into my chamber after that sort, sent a way my Curtizane whom I called my wife, and made clean my rapier, because I would not be suspected.

Vppon this was I laide in prison, should haue been hanged, was brought to the ladder, had made a Ballad for my Farewell in a readines called *Wiltons wantonnes*, and yet for all that scapde dauncing in a hempen circle. He that hath gone through many perils and returned safe from them, makes but a merriment to dilate them. I had the knot vnder my eare, there was faire plaie, the hangman had one halter, another about my necke was fastned to the gallowes, the riding deuice was almost thrust home, and his foote on my shoulder to presse me downe, when I made my saint-like confession as you haue heard before, that such and such men at such an howre brake into the house, slew the Zanie, took my Curtizan, lockt me into my chamber, rauisht *Heraclide*, and finallie how she slew her selfe.

Present at the execution was there a banisht English Earle, who hearing that a Countrey-man of his was to suffer for such a notable murder, came to heare his confession, and see if he knew him. He had not heard me tell halfe of that I haue recited, but he craued audience, and desired the execution might be staid.

Not two daies since it is, Gentlemen and noble *Romanes* (said he) since going to be let blood in a Barbars shop against the infection, all on sodaine in a great tumult and vproare was there brought in, one *Bartoll* an *Italian* greeuously wounded and bloodie. I seeming to commiserate his harmes, curteously questiond him with what ill debters he had met, or how or by what casualtie he came to bee so

arraid ? O (quoth he) long haue I liued sworne brothers in sensualitie with one *Esdras* of *Granado* : fiue hundred rapes and murders haue we committed betwixt vs. When our iniquities were growen to the height, and God had determined to counterchecke our amitie, we came to the house of *Iohannes de Imola* (whom this yong Gentleman hath named) there did he iustifie all those rapes in manner and forme as the prisoner here hath confest. But loe an accident after, which neyther he nor this audience is priuie too. *Esdras* of *Granado* not content to haue rauisht the Matrone *Heraclide* and robd her, after he had betook him from thence to his heeles, lighted on his companion *Bartol* with his Curtizan : whose pleasing face he had scarce winkingly glanst on, but he pickt a quarrell with *Bartoll* to haue her from him. On thys quarrell they fought, *Bartoll* was wounded to the death, *Esdras* fled, and the faire dame left to go whether she would. This, *Bartoll* in the Barbars shop freely acknowledged, as both the Barbar and his man and other here present can amplie depose.

Deposed they were, their oaths went for currant, I was quit by proclamation : to the banisht Earle I came to render thankes, when thus he examined and schoold me.

Countriman, tell me what is the occasion of thy straying so farre out of *England*, to visit this strange Nation ? If it bee languages, thou maist learne them at home, nought but lasciuiousnesse is to bee learned here. Perhaps, to be better accounted of, than other of thy condition, thou ambitiously vndertakest this voyage : these insolent fancies are but *Icarus* feathers, whose wanton waxe melted against the Sunne, will betray thee into a sea of confusion.

The first traueller was *Cain*, and he was called a vagabond runnagate on the face of the earth. Trauaile (like the trauaile wherein smithes put wilde horses when they shoo them) is good for nothing but to tame and bring men vnder.

God had no greater curse to lay vpon the *Israelites*, than by leading them out of their owne countrey to liue

as slaues in a strange land. That which was their curse, we Englishmen count our chiefe blessednes, hee is no bodie that hath not traueld: wee had rather liue as slaues in another land, croutch and cap, and be seruile to euerie ielous Italians and proud Spaniards humor, where we may neither speak looke nor doo anie thing, but what pleaseth them: than liue as freemen and Lords in our owne Countrey.

He that is a traueller must haue the backe of an asse to beare all, a tung like the taile of a dog to flatter all, the mouth of a hogge to eate what is set before him, the eare of a merchant to heare all and say nothing: and if this be not the highest step of thraldome, there is no libertie or freedome.

It is but a milde kinde of subiection to be the seruant of one master at once, but when thou hast a thousand thousand masters, as the veriest botcher, tinker or cobler free borne will dominere ouer a forreiner, and thinke to bee his better or master in companie; then shalt thou finde there is no such hell, as to leaue thy fathers house (thy naturall habitation) to liue in the land of bondage.

If thou doost but lend half a looke to a *Romans* or *Italians* wife, thy porredge shalbe prepared for thee, and cost thee nothing but thy lyfe. Chance some of them breake a bitter iest on thee, and thou retortst it seuerely, or seemest discontented: goe to thy chamber, and prouide a great banket, for thou shalt be sure to be visited with guests in a mask the next night, when in kindnes and courtship thy throat shall be cut, and the dooers returne vndiscouered. Nothing so long of memorie as a dog, these *Italians* are old dogs, & will carrie an iniurie a whole age in memorie: I haue heard of a boxe on the eare that hath been reuenged thirtie yeare after. The *Neapolitane* carrieth the bloodiest mind, and is the most secret fleering murdrer: whereupon it is growen to a common prouerbe, *Ile giue him the Neapolitan shrug*, when one intends to play the villaine, and make no boast of it.

The onely precept that a traueller hath most vse of, and shall finde most ease in, is that of *Epicharchus, Vigila, & memor sis ne quid credas* : Beleeue nothing, trust no man, yet seeme thou as thou swallowedst al, suspectedst none, but wert easie to be gulled by euerie one. *Multi fallere docuerunt* (as *Seneca* saith) *dum timent falli* : Manie by showing their ielous suspect of deceit, haue made men seek more subtill meanes to deceiue them.

Alas, our Englishmen are the plainest dealing soules that euer God put life in : they are greedie of newes, and loue to bee fed in their humors, and heare themselues flattred the best that may be. Euen as *Philemon* a Comick Poet died with extreme laughter at the conceit of seeing an asse eate figs : so haue the *Italians* no such sport, as to see poore English asses, how soberlie they swallow Spanish figges, deuoure anie hooke baited for them. He is not fit to trauell, that cannot with the *Candians* liue on serpents, make nourishing food euen of poison. Rats and mice ingender by licking one another, he must licke, he must croutch, he must cog, lye and prate, that either in the Court or a forren Countrey will ingender and come to preferment. Be his feature what it will, if he be faire spoken he winneth frends : *Non formosus erat, sed erat facundus Vlysses : Vlysses* the long Traueller was not amiable, but eloquent. Some alledge, they trauell to learne wit, but I am of this opinion, that as it is not possible for anie man to learne the Art of Memorie, whereof *Tully, Quintillian, Seneca* and *Hermannus Buschius* haue written so manie Bookes, except hee haue a naturall memorie before, so is it not possible for anie man to attain anie great wit by trauell, except he haue the grounds of it rooted in him before. That wit which is thereby to be perfected or made staid, is nothing but *Experientia longa malorum*, the experience of manie euils : The experience that such a man lost his life by this folly, another by that : such a yong Gallant consumed his substaunce on such a Curtizan : these courses of

reuenge a Merchant of *Venice* tooke against a Merchant of *Ferrara*: and this poynt of iustice was shewed by the Duke vpon the murtherer. What is here but we may read in bookes, and a great deale more too, without stirring our feete out of a warme Studie.

> *Vobis alii ventorum prælia narrent,* (saith *Ouid*,)
> *Quasque Scilla infestat, quasue Charybdis aquas.*
> Let others tell you wonders of the winde,
> How *Scilla* or *Charybdis* is inclinde.
> *-vos quod quisque loquetur*
> *Credite.* Beleeue you what they say, but neuer trie.

So let others tell you strange accidents, treasons, poysonings, close packings in *France*, *Spaine*, and *Italy*: it is no harme for you to heare of them, but come not nere them.

What is there in *Fraunce* to bee learned more than in *England*, but falshood in fellowship, perfect slouenrie, to loue no man but for my pleasure, to sweare *Ah par la mort Dieu* when a mans hammes are scabd. For the idle Traueller, (I meane not for the Souldiour) I haue knowen some that haue continued there by the space of halfe a dozzen yeares, and when they come home, they haue hid a little weerish leane face vnder a broad French hat, kept a terrible coyle with the dust in the streete in their long cloakes of gray paper, and spoke[1] English strangely. Nought els haue they profited by their trauell, saue learnt to distinguish of the true *Burdeaux* Grape, and knowe a cup of neate *Gascoigne* wine, from wine of *Orleance*: yea and peraduenture this also, to esteeme of the pox as a pimple, to weare a veluet patch on their face, and walke melancholy with their Armes folded.

From *Spaine* what bringeth our Traueller? a scull crownd hat of the fashion of an olde deepe porringer,

[1] spoke *A*: speake *B*.

a diminutiue Aldermans ruffe with short strings like the droppings of a mans nose, a close-bellied dublet comming downe with a peake behinde as farre as the crupper, and cut off before by the brest-bone like a partlet or neckercher, a wide paire of gascoynes, which vngatherd wold make a couple of womens ryding kirtles, huge hangers that haue half a cow hide in them, a rapier that is lineally descended from halfe a dozen Dukes at the least. Let his cloake be as long or as short as you will: if long, it is faced with Turkey grogeran raueld: if short, it hath a cape like a Calues tung, and is not so deepe in his whole length, nor hath so much cloath in it I will iustifie, as only the standing cape of a Dutchmans cloke, I haue not yet tutcht all, for he hath in either shoo as much taffatie for his tyings as wold serue for an ancient, which serueth him (if you wil haue the mysterie of it) of the owne accord for a shoo-rag. A soldier & a braggart he is (thats concluded) he ietteth strouting, dancing on hys toes with his hands vnder his sides. If you talk with him, he makes a dishcloth of his owne Country in comparison of *Spaine*, but if you vrge him more particularly wherin it exceeds, he can giue no instance but in *Spaine* they haue better bread than any we haue: when (pore hungrie slaues) they may crumble it into water well inough, & make mizers with it, for they haue not a good morsell of meate except it be salt piltchers to eat with it all the yere long: and which is more, they are poore beggers, and lye in fowle straw euerie night.

Italy the Paradice of the earth, and the Epicures heauen, how doth it forme our yong master? It makes him to kis his hand like an ape, cringe his necke like a starueling, and play at hey passe repasse come aloft when he salutes a man. From thence he brings the art of atheisme, the art of epicurising, the art of whoring, the art of poysoning, the art of Sodomitrie. The onely probable good thing they haue to keepe vs from vtterly condemning it, is, that it maketh a man an excellent Courtier, a curious carpet

knight: which is, by interpretation, a fine close leacher, a glorious hipocrite. It is nowe a priuie note amongst the better sort of men, when they would set a singular marke or brand on a notorious villaine, to say, he hath beene in *Italy*.

With the Dane and the Dutchman I will not encounter, for they are simple honest men, that with *Danaus* Daughters doe nothing but fill bottomeles tubs, & will be drunke & snort in the midst of dinner: he hurts himselfe only that goes thither, he cannot lightly be damnd, for the vintners, the brewers, the malt-men and alewiues pray for him. Pitch and pay, they will pray all day: score & borrow, they will wish him much sorrow. But lightly a man is nere the better for their prayers, for they commit all deadly sin for the most part of them in mingling their drinke, the vintners in the highest degree.

Why iest I in such a necessarie perswasiue discourse? I am a banisht exile from my country, though nere linkt in consanguinitie to the best: an Earle borne by birth, but a begger now as thou seest. These manie yeres in *Italy* haue I liued an outlaw. A while I had a liberall pension of the Pope, but that lasted not, for he continued not: one succeeded him in his chaire that cared neither for Englishmen nor his owne countrimen. Then was I driuen to pick vp my crums among the Cardinals, to implore the beneuolence & charitie of al the Dukes of *Italy*, whereby I haue since made a poore shift to liue, but so liue, as I wish my selfe a thousand times dead.

Cum patriam amisi, tunc me periisse putato:
When I was banisht, thinke I caught my bane.

The sea is the natiue soile to fishes, take fishes from the sea, they take no ioy nor thriue, but perish straight. So likewise the birds remooued from the aire (the abode wheretoo they were borne) the beasts from the earth, and

I from *England*. Can a lamb take delight to be suckled at the brests of a she wolfe ? I am a lamb nourisht with the milke of wolues, one that with the *Ethiopians* inhabiting ouer against *Meroe* feed on nothing but scorpions : vse is another nature, yet ten times more contentiue were nature restored to her kingdom from whence she is excluded. Beleeue me, no aire, no bread, no fire, no water doth a man anie good out of his owne countrey. Cold frutes neuer prosper in a hot soyle, nor hot in a cold. Let no man for anie transitorie pleasure sell away the inheritance he hath of breathing in the place where hee was borne. Get thee home my young lad, laye thy bones peaceably in the sepulcher of thy fathers, waxe olde in ouerlooking thy grounds, be at hand to close the eyes of thy kinred. The diuel and I am desperate, he of being restored to heauen, I of being recalled home.

Here he held his peace and wept. I glad of any opportunitie of a full poynt to part from him, tolde him I tooke his counsaile in worth ; what lay in mee to requite in loue should not bee lacking. Some businesse that concerned me highly cald mee away very hastely, but another time I hop'd we should meete. Verie hardly he let me goe, but I earnestly ouer pleading my occasions, at length he dismist mee, told mee where his lodging was, and charged mee to visite him without excuse verie often.

Heeres a stir thought I to my selfe after I was set at libertie, that is worse than an vpbraiding lesson after a britching : certainely if I had bethought me like a rascall as I was, he should haue had an Auemarie of me for his cynike exhortation. God plagud me for deriding such a graue fatherly aduertiser. List the worst throw of ill luckes. Tracing vppe and downe the Cittie to seeke my Curtizan till the Euening began to grow verie well in age, it thus fortuned, the Element as if it had drunke too much in the afternoone, powrde downe so profoundly, that I was forst to creep like one afraid of the watch close vnder the

pentises, where the cellar doore of a Iewes house caled *Zadoch* (ouer which in my direct way I did passe) being vnbard on the in-side, ouer head and eares I fell into it, as a man falls in a shippe from the oreloope into the hold, or as in an earth-quake the ground should open, and a blinde man come feeling pad pad ouer the open Gulph with his staffe, should tumble on a sodaine into hell. Hauing worne out the anguish of my fal a little with wallowing vp & downe, I cast vp myne eyes to see vnder what Continent I was: and loe, (O destenie) I saw my Curtizane kissing very louingly with a prentise.

My backe and my sides I had hurt with my fall, but nowe my head sweld and akt worse than both. I was euen gathering winde to come vppon her with a full blast of contumelie, when the Iewe (awakde with the noyse of my fall) came hastely busteling downe the staires, and raysing his other tenaunts,[1] attached both the Curtizane and me for breaking his house, and conspiring with his prentise to rob him.

It was then the law in *Rome*, that if anie man had a fellon falne into his hands, either by breaking into his house, or robbing him by the high way, he might chuse whether he would make him his bond-man, or hang him. *Zadoch* (as all Iewes are couetous) casting with himselfe he should haue no benefit by casting me off the Ladder, had another pollicie in his heade: he went to one Doctor *Zacharie* the Popes Phisition, that was a Iew and his Countrey-man likewise and told him he had the finest bargaine for him that might be. It is not concealed from me (saith he) that the time of your accustomed yearely Anatomie is at hand, which it behooues you vnder forfeiture of the foundation of your Colledge very carefully to prouide for. The infection is great, & hardly will you get a sound body to deal vpon: you are my Countryman, therefore I come to you first. Be it knowen vnto you, I

[1] tenaunts, *B*: seruants, *A*.

haue a yong man at home falne to me for my bond-man, of the age of eighteene, of stature tall, straight limd, of as cleare a complection as any Painters fancie can imagine: goe too, you are an honest man, and one of the scattred children of *Abraham* you shall haue him for fiue hundred crownes. Let me se him quoth Doctor *Zacharie*, and I will giue you as much as another. Home he sent for me, pinniond and shackeld I was transported alongst the streete: where passing vnder *Iulianaes* the Marques of *Mantuaes* wiues window, that was a lustie *Bona Roba* one of the Popes concubines, as shee had her casement halfe open, shee lookt out and spide me. At the first sight she was enamoured with my age and beardles face, that had in it no ill signe of phisiognomie fatall to fetters: after me she sent to know what I was, wherein I had offended, and whether I was going? My conducts resolued them all. Shee hauing receiued this answer, with a lustfull collachrimation lamenting my Iewish Premunire, that bodie and goods I should light into the hands of such a cursed generation, inuented the means of my release.

But first Ile tell you what betided mee after I was brought to Doctor *Zacharies*. The purblind Doctor put on his spectacles and lookt vpon me: and when he had throughly viewd my face, he caused me to be stript naked, to feele and grope whether each lim wer sound & my skin not infected. Then he pierst my arme to see how my blood ran: which assayes and searchings ended, he gaue *Zadoch* his full price and sent him away, then lockt me vp in a darke chamber till the day of anatomie.

O, the colde sweating cares which I conceiued after I knewe I should be cut like a French summer dublet. Me thought already the blood began to gush out at my nose: if a flea on the arme had but bit me, I deemed the instrument had prickt me. Wel, well, I may scoffe at a shrowd turne, but theres no such readie way to make a man a true Christian, as to perswade himselfe he is taken

vp for an anatomie. Ile depose I praid then more than I did in seuen yeare before. Not a drop of sweate trickled downe my breast and my sides, but I dreamt it was a smooth edgd razer tenderly slicing downe my breast and sides. If anie knockt at doore, I supposd it was the Bedle of surgeons hal come for me. In the night I dreamd of nothing but phlebotomie, bloudie fluxes, incarnatiues, running vlcers. I durst not let out a wheale for feare through it I should bleede to death. For meat in this distance, I had plumporredge of purgations ministred me one after another to clarifie my blood, that it should not lye cloddered in the flesh. Nor did he it so much for clarifying Phisicke, as to saue charges. Miserable is that Mouse that liues in a Phisitions house, *Tantalus* liues not so hunger starued in hell, as she doth there. Not the verie crums that fall from his table, but *Zacharie* sweepes together, and of them moulds vp a Manna. Of the ashie parings of his bread, he would make conserue of chippings. Out of bones after the meate was eaten off, hee would alchumize an oyle, that hee sold for a shilling a dram. His snot and spittle a hundred times hee hath put ouer to his Apothecarie for snow water. Anie spider hee would temper to perfect Mithridate. His rumaticke eies when hee went in the winde, or rose early in a morning, dropt as coole allome water as you would request. He was dame Niggardize sole heire & executor. A number of old books had he eaten with the moaths and wormes, now all day would not he studie a dodkin, but picke those wormes and moaths out of his Librarie, and of their mixture make a preseruatiue against the plague. The licour out of his shooes hee would wring to make a sacred Balsamum against barrennes.

Spare we him a line or two, and looke backe to *Iuliana*, who conflicted in her thoughts about me very doubtfully, aduentured to send a messenger to Doctor Zachary in hir name, verie boldly to beg mee of him, and if she might not beg me, to buy me with what summes of money soeuer hee

would aske. *Zacharie* Iewishly and churlishlie denied both her sutes, and said if there were no more Christians on the earth, he would thrust his incision knife into his throate-bowle immediatly. Which replie she taking at his hands most despitefully thoght to crosse him ouer the shins with as sore an ouerwhart blow ere a month to an end. The Pope (I know not whether at her entreatie or no) within two daies after fell sick, Doctor *Zacharie* was sent for to minister vnto him, who seeing a little danger in his water, gaue him a gentle comfortiue for the stomach, and desired those nere about him to perswade his holines to take some rest, & he doubted not but he would be forthwith well. Who should receiue thys milde phisicke of him but the concubine *Iuliana* his vtter enemie: she being not vnprouided of strong poyson at that instant, in the Popes outward chamber so mingled it, that when his Grand-sublimity-taster came to relish it, he sunke downe stark dead on the pauement. Herewith the Pope cald *Iuliana*, and askt her what strong concocted broath she had brought him. She kneeled downe on her knees, & said it was such as *Zacharie* the Iew had deliuered her with hys owne hands, and therfore if it misliked his holines she craued pardon. The Pope without further sifting into the matter, would haue had *Zacharie* and all the Iewes in *Rome* put to death, but she hung about his knees, and with Crocodile tears desired him the sentence might be lenefied, and they be all but banisht at the most. For Doctor *Zacharie* quoth she, your ten-times vngratefull Phisition, since notwithstanding his trecherous intent, he hath much Arte, and manie souereigne simples, oyles, gargarismes and sirups in his closet and house that may stand your Mightines in stead, I begge all his goods onely for your Beatitudes perseruation and good. This request at the first was sealed with a kisse, and the Popes edict without delaye proclaimed throughout *Rome*, namely, that all fore-skinne clippers whether male or female belonging to the old Iurie, should depart and

auoid vpon pain of hanging within twentie daies after the date thereof.

Iuliana (two daies before the proclamation came out) sent her seruants to extend vpon *Zacharies* territories, his goods, his moueables, his chattels and his seruants: who performed their commission to the vtmost title, and left him not so much as master of an old vrinall case or a candle-boxe. It was about sixe a clocke in the euening when those boothalers entred: into mychamber they rusht, when I sate leaning on my elbow, and my left hand vnder my side, deuising what a kinde of death it might be to bee let blood till a man die. I cald to minde the assertion of some philosophers, who said the soule was nothing but blood: then thought I, what a thing were this, if I should let my soule fall and breake his necke into a bason. I had but a pimple rose with heate in that parte of the veyne where they vse to pricke, and I fearfully misdeemed it was my soule searching for passage. Fie vpon it, a mans breath to bee let out at a backe doore, what a villanie it is? To die bleeding is all one, as if a man should die pissing, Good drinke makes good blood, so that pisse is nothing but blood vnder age. *Seneca* and *Lucan* were lobcockes to choose that death of all other: a pig or a hog or any edible brute beast a cooke or a butcher deales vpon, dies bleeding. To die with a pricke, wherewith the faintest hearted woman vnder heauen would not be kild, O God, it is infamous.

In this meditation did they seaze vpon me, in my cloke they muffeld me that no man might know me, nor I see which way I was carried. The first ground I toucht after I was out of *Zacharyes* house, was the Countesse *Iulianas* chamber: little did I surmise that fortune reserued me to so faire a death. I made no other reckoning all the while they had me on their sholders, but that I was on horsbacke to heauen, and carried to Church on a beere, excluded for euer for drinking any more ale or beer. *Iuliana* scornfully questiond them thus (as if I had falne into her hands

beyond expectation) what proper apple squire is this you bring so suspitiously into my chamber? what hath he done? or where had you him? They answered likewise a far off, that in one of *Zacharies* chambers they found him close prisoner, and thought themselues guiltie of the breach of her Ladiships commaundement if they should haue left him. O quoth shee, yee loue to be double diligent, or thought peraduenture that I beeing a lone woman, stood in need of a loue. Bring you me a princoks beardlesse boy (I know not whence he is, nor whether he would) to call my name in suspense? I tell you, you haue abused mee, and I can hardly brooke it at your hands. You should haue lead him to the magistrate, no commission receiued you of mee but for his goods & his seruants. They besought her to excuse their error, proceeding of dutious zeale no negligent defalt. But why should not I coniecture the worst quoth she? I tell you troth, I am halfe in a ielozie he is some fantasticke yonkster, who hath hyrde you to dishonor me.[1] It is a likely matter that such a man as *Zacharie* should make a prison of his house.[2] By your leaue sir gallant, vnder locke and key shall you stay with me, till I haue enquirde farther of you, you shall be sifted throughly ere you and I part. Go maid, shewe him to the farther chamber at the end of the gallerie that lookes into the garden: you my trim pandors I pray gard him thether as you tooke paines to bring him hether: when you haue so done, see the dores be made fast and come your way. Heere was a wily wench had her liripoop without book, she was not to seeke in her knackes and shifts[3]: such are all women, each of them hath a cloke for the raine, and can bleare her husbands eies as she list. Not too much of this Madam Marques at once, let me dilate a little what

[1] fantasticall amorous yonckster, who to dishonor me hath hyr'd you to this stratagem. *A*.

[2] house, and deale in matters of state. *A*.

[3] Heere . . . shifts: *A*: Here is a wench had hir liripoop: *B*.

Zadoch did with my curtizan after he had sold me to *Zacharie*. Of an ill tree I hope you are not so ill sighted in grafting to expect good fruite: hee was a Iew, and intreated her like a Iew. Vnder shadow of enforcing her to tell how much money she had of his prentice so to be trayned to his cellar, hee stript her, and scourged her from top to toe tantara. Day by day he disgested his meate with leading her the measures. A diamond Delphinicall drie leachour it was.

The ballet of the whipper of late days here in England, was but a scoffe in comparison of him. All the Colliers of Romford, who holde their corporation by yarking the blinde beare at Paris garden, were but bunglers to him, he had the right agilitie of the lash, there were none of them could make the corde come aloft with a twange halfe like him. Marke the ending, marke the ending. The tribe of Iuda is adiudged from Rome to bee trudging, they may no longer bee lodged ther, al the Albumazers, Rabisacks, Gedions, Tebiths, Benhadads, Benrodans, Zedechiaes, Halies of them were banquerouts and turned out of house and home. *Zacherie* came running to Zadochs in sacke cloth and ashes presently after his goods were confiscated and tolde him how he was serued, and what decree was comming out against them all. Descriptions stand by, here is to bee expressed the furie of Lucifer when he was turnde ouer heauen barre for a wrangler. There is a toad fish, which taken out of the water swels more than one would thinke his skin could hold, and bursts in his face that toucheth him. So swelled Zadoch, and was readie to burst out of his skin and shoote his bowels like chaine-shot full at *Zacharies* face for bringing him such balefull tidings, his eies glared & burnt blew like brimstone and *aqua vitæ* set on fire in an egshell, his verie nose lightned glow-wormes, his teeth crasht and grated together, like the ioynts of a high building cracking and rocking like a cradle, when as a tempest takes her full but against his broad

side. He swore, he curst, and saide, these be they that worship that crucifide God of Nazareth, heres the fruits of their new found Gospell, sulpher and gunpowder carry them al quick to Gehenna. I would spend my soule willingly, to haue that triple headed Pope with all his sin-absolued whores, and oilegreased priests borne with a blacke sant on the diuells backes in procession to the pit of perdition. Would I might sink presently into the earth, so I might blow vp this Rome, this whore of *Babilon* into the aire with my breath. If I must be banisht, if those heathen dogs will needs rob me of my goods, I will poyson their springs & conduit heades, whence they receiue al their water round about the citie, ile tice all the young children into my house that I can get, and cutting their throates barrell them vp in poudring beefe tubbes, and so send them to victuall the Popes gallies. Ere the officers come to extend, Ile bestow an hundred pound on a doale of bread, which Ile cause to be kneaded with scorpions oyle, that will kill more than the plague. Ile hire them that make their wafers or sacramentary gods, to minge them after the same sort, so in the zeale of their superstitious religion, shall they languish and droup lyke carrion. If there be euer a blasphemous coniurer that can call the windes from their brasen caues, and make the cloudes trauell before their time, Ile giue him the other hundred pounds to disturbe the heauens a whole weeke together with thunder and lightning, if it bee for nothing but to sowre all the wines in *Rome*, and turne them to vineger. As long as they haue eyther oyle or wine, this plague feeds but pinglingly vpon them.

Zadoch, *Zadoch*, sayd Doctor *Zachery*, (cutting him off) thou threatnest the aire, whilest we perish here on earth, it is the countesse *Iuliana* the Marques of Mantuas wife, and no other, that hath complotted our confusion, aske not how, but insist in my wordes, and assist in reuenge.

As how, as how, sayde *Zadoch*, shrugging and shrub-

bing. More happie than the patriarches were I, if crushte to death with the greatest torments *Romes* tyrants haue tride, there might be quintesenst out of me one quart of precious poison. I haue a leg with an issue, shall I cut it off, & from his fount of corruption extract a venome worse than anie serpents ? If thou wilt, Ile goe to a house that is infected, where catching the plague, and hauing got a running sore vpon me, Ile come and deliuer her a supplication and breath vpon her. I knowe my breath stinkes so alredie, that it is within halfe a degree of poison, Ile paie her home if I perfect it with anie more putrifaction.

No, no brother *Zadoch*, answered *Zachery*, that is not the way. Canst thou prouide me ere a bond-maide, indued with singular & diuine qualified beautie, whom as a present from our synagogue thou mayst commend vnto her, desiring her to be good and gracious vnto vs[1].

I haue, I am for you, quoth *Zadoch*: *Diamante* come forth. Heeres a wench (sayd he) of as cleane a skin as *Susanna*, shee hath not a wem on her flesh from the soale of the foote to the crowne of the head : how thinke you master Doctor, will she not serue the turne ?

She will sayde *Zacharie*, and therefore Ile tell you what charge I would haue committed to her. But I care not if I disclose it onely to her. Maide (if thou beest a maide) come hether to me, thou must be sent to the countesse of *Mantuaes* about a small peece of seruice, whereby being now a bond woman, thou shalt purchase freedome and gaine a large dowrie to thy mariage. I know thy master loues thee dearly though he will not let thee perceiue so much, hee intends after hee is dead to make thee his heir, for he hath no children : please him in that I shall instruct thee and thou art made for euer. So it is, that the pope is farre out of liking with the countesse of *Mantua* his concubine, and hath put his trust in me his phisition to haue her quietly and charitably made away.

[1] vs. *A* : her. *B*.

Now I cannot intend it, for I haue many cures in hande which call vpon me hourly : thou if thou beest placd with her as her waiting maid or cup-bearer, maist temper poison with hir broth, her meate, her drinke, her oyles, her sirrupes, and neuer bee bewraid. I will not saie whether the pope hath heard of thee, and thou mayst come to bee his lemman in her place, if thou behaue thy selfe wisely. What, hast thou the heart to go thorough with it or no ? *Diamante* deliberating wyth her selfe in what hellish seruitude she liued with the Iew,& that shee had no likelyhood to be releast of it, but fall from euil to worse if she omitted this opportunitie, resigned her selfe ouer wholly to be disposed and emploid as seemed best vnto them. Thervpon, without further consultation, her wardrop was richly rigd, hir tongue smooth filed & new edgd on the whetstone, her drugs delivered her, and presented she was by *Zadoch* hir master to the countesse, together with some other slight newfangles, as from the whole congregatiõ, desiring her to stand their mercifull mistres, and solicite the pope for them, that through one mans ignoraunt offence, were all generally in disgrace with him, and had incurred the cruel sentence of losse of goods and of banishment.

Iuliana liking well the pretie round face of my black browd *Diamante*, gaue the Iew better countenance than otherwise she would haue done, and told him for her owne part she was but a priuate woman, and could promise nothing confidently of his holines : for though he had suffered himselfe to be ouer-ruled by her in some humors, yet in this that toucht him so nerely, she knew not how he would be inclinde : but what laie in her either to pacifie or perswade him, they should bee sure off, and so craude his absence.

His backe turnd, she askt *Diamante* what countrie woman she was, what friends she had, and how shee fell into the hands of that Iew ? She answered that she was a Magnificos daughter of Venice, stolne when she was young

from her friends, and sold to this Iew for a bond-woman, who (quoth she) hath vsde me so iewishly and tyrannously, that for euer I must celebrate the memorie of this daie, wherein I am deliuered from his iurisdiction. Alas (quoth she, deep sighing) why did I enter into anie mention of my owne misusage? It wil be thought that that which I am now to reueale, proceeds of mallice not truth. Madam, your life is sought by these Iews that sue to you. Blush not, nor be troubled in your minde, for with warning I shall arme you against all their intentions. Thus and thus (quoth she) said Doctor *Zachery* vnto me, this poyson he deliuered me. Before I was calde in to them, such & such consultation through the creuise of the doore hard lockt did I heare betwixt them. Denie it if they can, I will iustifie it: onely I beseech you to be fauorable ladie vnto me, and let me not fall againe into the hands of those vipers.

Iuliana said little but thought vnhappily, onely she thankt her for detecting it, and vowed though she were her bond-woman to be a mother vnto her. The poison she tooke of her, and set it vp charely on a shelfe in her closet, thinking to keepe it for some good purposes: as for example, when I was consumed and worne to the bones through her abuse, she wold giue me but a dram too much, and pop mee into a priuie. So shee had serued some of her paramors ere that, and if God had not sent *Diamante* to be my redeemer, vndoubtedly I had dronke of the same cup.

In a leafe or two before was I lockt vp: here in this page the foresayd good wife[1] Countesse comes to me, she is no longer a judge but a client. Howe she came, in what manner of attyre, with what immodest and vncomely wordes she courted me, if I should take vpon me to inlarge, all modest eares would abhorre me. Some inconuenience she brought me too by her harlot-like behauior, of which inough I can neuer repent me.

[1] goodwife *A*.

Let that be forgiuen and forgotten, fleshly delights could not make her slothfull or slumbring in reuenge against *Zadoch*. She set men about him to incense and egge him on in courses of discontentment, and other superuising espialls, to plie, follow, and spurre forward those suborning incensers. Both which playde their partes so, that *Zadoch* of his owne nature violent, swore by the arke of *Iehoua* to set the whole city on fire ere he went out of it. *Zacharie* after he had furnisht the wench with the poyson, and giuen her instructions to goe to the deuill, durst not staie one houre for feare of disclosing, but fled to the duke of *Burbon* that after sackt *Rome*, and ther practised with his bastardship all the mischiefe against the pope & *Rome* that enuy could put into his mind. *Zadoch* was left behind for the hangman. According to his oath he prouided balls of wild fire in a readinesse, and laid traines of gunpouder in a hundred seuerall places of the citie to blow it vp, which he had set fire to & also bandied his balls abroad, if his attendant spies had not taken him with the manner. To the straightest prison in *Rome* he was dragged, where from top to toe he was clogd with fetters and manacles. *Iuliana* informed the pope of *Zachary*[1] and his practise, *Zachary* was sought for, but *Non est inuentus*, he was packing long before. Commandement was giuen, that *Zadoch* whom they had vnder hand and seale of lock and key, should be executed with al the firy torments that could be found out.

Ile make short worke, for I am sure I haue wearyed all my readers. To the execution place was he brought, where first and formost he was stript, then on a sharp yron stake fastened in ye ground, he had his fundament pitcht, which stake ran vp along into the bodie like a spit, vnder his arme-holes two of lyke sort, a great bon-fire they made round about him, wherewith his flesh roasted not burnd : and euer as with the heate his skinne blistred, the fire was drawen aside, and they basted him with a mix-

Zacharies A.

ture of Aqua fortis, allum water, and Mercury sublimatum, which smarted to the very soul of him and searcht him to the marrowe. Then dyd they scourge his backe partes so blistred and basted, with burning whips of red hot wier: his head they nointed ouer with pitch and tar, and so inflamed it. To his priuie members they tied streaming fire-workes, the skinne from the crest of the shoulder, as also from his elbowes, his huckle bones, his knees, his anckles, they pluckt and gnawed off with sparkling pincers: his breast and his belly with seale skins they grated ouer, which as fast as they grated and rawed, one stood ouer & laued with smiths syndry water & Aqua vitæ [1]: his nailes they halfe raised vp, and then vnder-propt them with sharpe prickes like a Tailers shop window halfe open on a holy daie: euery one of his fingers they rent vp to the wrist: his toes they brake off by the rootes, and let them still hang by a little skinne. In conclusion they had a small oyle fire, such as men blow light bubbles of glasse with and beginning at his feete, they let him lingringly burne vp lim by lim, till his heart was consumed, and then he died. Triumph women, this was the end of the whipping Iew, contriued by a woman, in reuenge of two women, her selfe and her maide.

I haue told you or I should tel you in what credit *Diamante* grew with hir mistres. *Iuliana* neuer dreamed but she was an authenticall maide: she made her the chiefe of her bedchamber, she appoynted none but her to look in to me, & serue mee of such necessaryes as I lacked. You must suppose when wee met there was no small reioycing on eyther parte, much like the three brothers that went three seuerall wayes to seeke their fortunes, & at the yeeres end at those three crosse waies met againe, and told one another how they sped: so after wee had bin long asunder seeking our fortunes, wee commented one to another most kindly, what crosse haps had encountred vs. Neare a six houres

[1] vite: *B*.

but the Countesse cloyd me with her companie. It grew to this passe that either I must finde out some miraculous meanes of escape, or drop awaie in a consumption, as one pinde for lacke of meate: I was clean spent and done, there was no hope of me.

The yere held on his course to doomes day, when Saint *Peters* daie dawned: that day is a day of supreme solemnity in Rome, when the Embassador of Spaine comes and presents a milke white iennet to the pope, that kneeles downe vppon his owne accord in token of obeisaunce and humilitie before him, and lets him stride on his back as easie as one strides ouer a blocke: with this iennet is offered a rich purse of a yard length full of *Peter* pence. No musicke that hath the gifte of vtterance but sounds all the while: coapes and costly vestments decke the hoarsest and beggerlyest singing-man, not a clarke or sexten is absent, no nor a mule nor a foot-cloth belonging to anie Cardinall but attends on the taile of the triumph. The pope himselfe is borne in his pontificalibus thorough the Burgo (which is the chiefe streete in Rome) to the Embassadours house to dinner, and thether resortes all the assembly: where if a poet should spend all his life time in describing a banket, he could not feast his auditors halfe so wel with wordes, as he doth his guests with iunkets.

To this feast *Iuliana* addressed her selfe like an angel, in a litter of greene needle worke wrought like an arbour, and open on euerie side was she borne by foure men, hidden vnder cloth rough plushed and wouen like eglentine and wodbine. At the foure corners it was topt with foure rounde christall cages of Nightingales. For foote men, on either side of her went foure virgins clad in lawne, with lutes in their hands playing. Next before her two and two in order, a hundred pages in sutes of white cipresse, and long horsemens coates of cloth of siluer: who being all in white, aduanced euerie one of them his [1] picture, enclosed in a white

[1] his *B*: her *A*.

round screene of feathers, such as is carried ouer greate princesses heads when they ride in summer to keepe them from the heate of the sun, before them went a foure score bead women shee mantayned in greene gownes, scattering strawing hearbes and floures. After her followed the blinde, the halte and the lame sumptuously apparelled like Lords, and thus past she on to S. *Peters*.

Interea quid agitur domi, how ist at home all this while. My curtizan is left my keeper, the keyes are committed vnto hir, she is mistres *fac totum*. Against our countesse we conspire, packe vp all her iewels, plate, mony that was extant, and to the water side send them: to conclude, couragiously rob her, and run away. *Quid non auri sacra fames?* what defame will not golde salue. Hee mistooke himselfe that inuented the prouerbe, *Dimicandum est pro aris & focis*: for it should haue been *pro auro & fama*: not for altares and fires we must contend, but for gold and fame.

Oares nor winde could not stirre nor blow faster, than we toyld out of *Tiber*; a number of good fellowes would giue size ace and the dice that with as little toyle they could leaue Tyburne behinde them. Out of ken we were ere the Countesse came from the feast. When she returned and found her house not so much pestred as it was wont, her chests her closets and her cupbords broke open to take aier, and that both I and my keeper was missing: O then shee fared like a franticke Bacchinall, she stampt, she star'd, shee beate her head against the walls, scratcht her face, bit her fingers, and strewd all the chamber with her haier. None of her seruants durst stay in her sight, but she beate them out in heapes, and bad them goe seeke search they knew not where, and hang themselues, and neuer looke her in the face more, if they did not hunt vs out. After her furie had reasonably spent it selfe, her breast began to swell with the mother, caused by her former fretting & chafing, and she grew verie ill at ease.

Whereuppon shee knockt for one of her maids, and bad her run into her closet, and fetch her a little glasse that stood on the vpper shelfe, wherein there was *spiritus vini*. The maid went, & mistaking tooke the glasse of poyson which *Diamante* had giu'n her and she kept in store for me. Comming with it as fast as her legs could carrie her, her misterres at hir returne was in a sownd, and lay for dead on the floore, wherat she shrikt out, and fel a rubbing & chafing her very busily. When that would not serue, she tooke a keye and opened her mouth, and hauing heard that *spiritus Vini* was a thing of mightie operation, able to call a man from death to life, shee tooke the poyson, and verely thinking it to be *spiritus vini* (such as she was sent for) powrd a large quãtitie of it into her throate, and iogd on her backe to digest it. It reuiued her with a verie [1] vengeaunce, for it kild her outright, onely she awakend & lift vp her hands, but spake nere a worde. Then was the maid in my grandames beanes, and knew not what should become of her, I heard the Pope tooke pittie on her, & because her trespasse was not voluntarie but chance-medly, he assigned hir no other punishment but this, to drinke out the rest of the poison in the glasse that was left, and so go scot-free. Wee carelesse of these mischances, helde on our flight, and saw no man come after vs but we thought had pursued vs. A theefe, they saie, mistakes euerie bush for a true man, the winde ratled not in any bush by the way as I rode, but I straight drew my rapier. To *Bologna* with a mery gale we poasted, where wee lodged our selues in a blinde streete out of the waie, and kept secret many daies: but when we perceiued we saild in the hauen, that the winde was laid, and no allarum made after vs, we boldly came abroad: & one day hearing of a more desperate murtherer than *Caine* that was to be executed, we followed the multitude, and grutcht not to lend him our eyes at his last parting.

[1] verie *B*: merrie *A*.

Who shoulde it be but one *Cutwolfe*, a wearish dwarfish writhen facde cobler, brother to *Bartol* the Italian, that was confederate with *Esdras* of *Granado*, and at that time stole away my curtizan when he rauisht *Heraclide*.

It is not so naturall for me to epitomize his impietie, as to heare him in his owne person speak vpon the wheele where he was to suffer.

Prepare your eares and your teares, for neuer tyll this thrust I anie tragecall matter vpon you. Strange and wonderfull are Gods iudgements, here shine they in their glory. Chast *Heraclide*, thy bloud is laid vp in heauens treasury, not one drop of it was lost, but lent out to vsurie: water powred forth sinkes downe quietly into the earth, but bloud spilt on the ground sprinkles vp to the firmament. Murder is wide-mouthd, and will not let God rest till he grant reuenge. Not onely the bloud of the slaughtred innocent, but the soul ascendeth to his throne, and there cries out & exclaimes for iustice and recompence. Guiltlesse soules that liue euery houre subiect to violence, and with your dispairing feares doe much empaire Gods prouidence: fasten your eies on this spectacle that will adde to your faith. Referre all your oppressions, afflictions, & iniuries to the euen ballanced eie of the Almightie, he it is that when your patience sleepeth, will be most exceeding mindfull of you.

This is but a glose vpon the text: thus *Cutwolfe* begins his insulting oration.

Men and people that haue made holy day to beholde my pained flesh toil on the wheele, expect not of me a whining penitent slaue, that shal do nothing but cry and say his praiers and so be crusht in peeces. My bodie is little, but my minde is as great as a gyants: the soule which is in mee, is the verie soule of *Iulius Cæsar* by reuersion, my name is *Cutwolfe*, neither better nor worse by occupation, but a poore Cobler of *Verona*, Coblers are men and kings are no more. The occasion of my com-

ming hether at this present, is to haue a few of my bones broken (as we are all borne to die) for being the death of the Emperour of homicides *Esdras* of *Granado*. About two yeeres since in the streets of *Rome* he slew the only and eldest brother I had named *Bartoll*, in quarrelling about a curtizan. The newes brought to me as I was sitting in my shop vnder a stal knocking in of tacks, I thinke I raisd vp my bristles, solde pritch-aule, spunge, blacking tub, and punching yron, bought mee rapier and pistoll, and to goe I went. Twentie months together I pursued him, from *Rome* to *Naples*, from *Naples* to *Caiete* passing ouer the riuer, from *Caiete* to *Syenna*, from *Syenna* to *Florence*, from *Florence* to *Parma*, from *Parma* to *Pauia*, from *Pauia* to *Syon*, from *Syon* to *Geneua*, from *Geneua* backe again towards *Rome*: where in the way it was my chance to meet him in the nicke here at *Bolognia*, as I will tell you how. I sawe a great fraie in the streetes as I past along, and many swordes walking, wherevpon drawing neerer, and enquiring who they were, answer was retourned me it was that notable Bandetto *Esdras* of *Granado*. O so I was tickled in the spleene with that word, my hart hopt and danst, my elbowes itcht, my fingers friskt, I wist not what should become of my feete, nor knewe what I did for ioy. The fray parted, I thought it not conuenient to single him out (beeing a sturdie knaue) in the street but to stay til I had got him at more aduantage. To his lodging I dogd him, lay at the dore all night where hee entred, for feare hee should giue me the slip anye way. Betimes in the morning I rung the bel and craued to speke with him, now to his chamber dore I was brought, where knocking hee rose in his shirt and let me in, and when I was entred, bad me lock the dore and declare my arrant, and so he slipt to bed againe.

Marrie this quoth I is my arrant. Thy name is *Esdras* of *Granado*, is it not? Most treacherously thou slewst my brother *Bartoll* about two yeres agoe in the streetes of

Rome: his death am I come to reuenge. In quest of thee euer since a boue three thousand miles haue I trauaild. I haue begd to maintaine me the better part of the waye, onely because I would intermit no time from my pursute in going backe for monie. Now haue I got thee naked in my power, die thou shalt, though my mother and my grandmother dying did intreate for thee. I haue promist the diuell thy soule within this houre, breake my word I will not, in thy breast I intend to burie a bullet. Stirre not, quinch not, make no noyse: for if thou dost it will be worse for thee.

Quoth *Esdras*, what euer thou best at whose mercie I lye, spare me, and I wil giue thee as much gold as thou wilt aske. Put me to anie paines my life reserued, and I willingly will sustaine them: cut off my armes and legs, and leaue me as a lazer to some loathsome spittle, where I may but liue a yeare to pray and repent me. For thy brothers death the despayre of mind that hath euer since haunted mee, the guiltie gnawing worme of conscience I feele may bee sufficient penance. Thou canst not send me to such a hell, as alreadie there is in my hart. To dispatch me presently is no reuenge, it will soone be forgotten: let me dye a lingring death, it will be remembred a great deale longer. A lingring death maye auaile my soule, but it is the illest of ills that can befortune my bodie. For my soules health I beg my bodies torment: bee not thou a diuell to torment my soule, and send me to eternall damnation. Thy ouer-hanging sword hides heauen from my sight, I dare not looke vp, least I embrace my deathes-wounde vnwares. I cannot pray to God, and plead to thee both at once. Ay mee, alreadie I see my life buried in the wrinckles of thy browes: say but I shall liue, though thou meanest to kill me. Nothing confounds like to suddaine terror, it thrusts euerie sense out of office. Poyson wrapt vp in sugred pills is but halfe a poyson: the feare of deaths lookes are more terrible than his stroake. The whilest

I viewe death, my faith is deaded : where a mans feare is, there his heart is. Feare neuer engenders hope : how can I hope that heauens father will saue mee from the hell euerlasting, when he giues me ouer to the hell of thy furie.

Heraclide now thinke I on thy teares sowne in the dust, (thy teares, that my bloudie minde made barraine). In reuenge of thee, God hardens this mans heart against mee : yet I did not slaughter thee, though hundreds else my hand hath brought to the shambles. Gentle sir, learne of mee what it is to clog your conscience with murder, to haue your dreames, your sleepes, your solitarie walkes troubled and disquited with murther : your shaddowe by daie will affright you, you will not see a weapon vnsheathde, but immediatly you will imagine it is predestinate for your destruction.

This murther is a house diuided within it selfe : it subbornes a mans owne soule to infourme against him : his soule (beeing his accuser) brings foorth his two eyes as witnesses against him, and the least[1] eie witnesse is vnrefutable. Plucke out my eyes if thou wilt, and depriue my traiterous soule of her two best witnesses. Digge out my blasphemous tongue wyth thy dagger, both tongue and eyes wyll I gladly forgoe to haue a lyttle more time to thinke on my iourney to heauen.

Deferre a while thy resolution, I am not at peace wyth the world, for euen but yesterdaie I fought, and in my furie threatned further vengeance : had I a face to aske forgiuenesse, I shoulde thinke halfe my sinnes were forgiuen. A hundred deuils haunt mee dayly for my horrible murthers : the deuilles when I die will bee loth to goe to hell with mee, for they desired of Christ he would not send them to hel before their time : if they goe not to hell, into thee they will goe, and hideously vex thee for turning them out of their habitation. Wounds I contemne, life I prize

[1] least *A* : last *B*.

light, it is another worlds tranquilitie which makes me so timerous: euerlasting damnation, euerlasting houling and lamentation. It is not from death I request thee to deliuer me, but frõ this terror of torments eternitie. Thy brothers bodie only I pearst vnaduisedly, his soule meant I no harme to at all: my bodie & soule both shalt thou cast awaie quite, if thou doest at this instant what thou maist. Spare me, spare me I beseech thee, by thy owne soules saluation I desire thee, seeke not my souls vtter perdition: in destroying me, thou destroyest thy self and me. Eagerly I replid after this long suppliant oration: Though I knew God would neuer haue mercy vpon me except I had mercie on thee, yet of thee no mercy would I haue. Reuenge in our tragedies is continually raised from hell: of hell doe I esteeme better than heauen, if it afford me reuenge. There is no heauen but reuenge. I tel thee, I would not haue vndertoke so much toile to gaine heauen, as I haue done in pursuing thee for reuenge. Diuine reuenge, of which (as of ỹ ioies aboue) there is no fulnes or satietie. Looke how my feete are blistered with following thee frõ place to place. I haue riuen my throat with ouerstraining it to curse thee. I haue ground my teeth to pouder with grating & grinding them together for anger when any hath namde thee. My tongue with vaine threates is bolne, and waxen too big for my mouth: my eyes haue broken their strings with staring and looking ghastly, as I stood deuising how to frame or set my countenance whẽ I met thee. I haue neere spent my strength in imaginarie acting on stone wals, what I determined to execute on thee: intreate not, a miracle may not repriue thee: villaine, thus march I with my blade into thy bowels.

Stay, stay exclaimed *Esdras*, and heare me but one word further. Though neither for God nor man thou carest, but placest thy whole felicitie in murther, yet of thy felicity learn how to make a greater felicitie. Respite me a little fram thy swordes point, and set me about some

execrable enterprise, that may subuert the whole state of christendome, and make all mens eares tingle that heare of it. Commaund me to cut all my kindreds throats, to burne men, women and children in their beds in millions, by firing their Cities at midnight. Be it Pope, Emperor or Turke that displeaseth thee, he shall not breath on the earth. For thy sake will I sweare and forsweare, renounce my baptisme, and all the interest I haue in any other sacrament, onely let mee liue howe miserable so euer, be it in a dungeon amongst toads, serpents, and adders, or set vp to the necke in dong. No paines I will refuse howe euer proroged, to haue a little respite to purifie my spirit: oh, heare me, heare me, & thou canst not be hardned against mee.

At this his importunitie I paused a little, not as retiring frõ my wreakfull resolution, but going backe to gather more forces of vengeaunce, with my selfe I deuised how to plague him double in[1] his base minde: my thoughtes traueld in quest of some notable newe Italionisme, whose murderous platforme might not onely extend on his bodie, but his soul also. The ground worke of it was this: that whereas he had promised for my sake to sweare and forsweare, and commit *Iulian*-like violence on the highest seales of religion: if he would but this farre satisfie me, he should be dismist from my furie. First and formost he should renounce God and his laws, and vtterly disclaime the whole title or interest he had in anie couenant of saluation. Next he should curse him to his face, as Iob was willed by his wife, and write an absolute firme obligation of his soule to the deuill, without condition or exception. Thirdly and lastly, (hauing done this,) hee shoulde pray to God feruently neuer to haue mercie vpon him, or pardon him. Scarce had I propounded these articles vnto him, but he was beginning his blasphemous abiurations. I wonder the earth opened not and swalowed vs

[1] in *B*: for *A*.

both, hearing the bolde tearmes he blasted forth in contempt of Christianitie: heauen hath thundered when halfe lesse contumelies against it hath bene vttered. Able they were to raise Saintes and martyrs from their graues, and plucke Christ himselfe from the right hand of his father. My ioints trembled & quakt with attending them, my haire stood vpright, & my hart was turned wholy to fire. So affectionatly and zealously dyd hee giue himselfe ouer to infidelity, as if sathan had gotten the vpper hand of our high maker. The veyne in his left hand that is deriued from the hart with no faint blow he pierst, & with the full bloud that flowed from it, writ a full obligation of his soule to the deuill: yea, he more earnestly praid vnto God neuer to forgiue his soule, than many christians do to saue their soules. These fearefull ceremonies brought to an end, I bad him ope his mouth and gape wide. He did so (as what wil not slaues do for feare?) therewith made I no more ado, but shot him full into the throat with my pistoll: no more spake he after, so did I shoot him that he might neuer speake after or repent him. His bodie being dead lookt as blacke as a toad: the deuill presently branded it for his owne. This is the falt that hath called me hether, no true Italian but will honor me for it. Reuenge is the glorie of armes, & the highest performance of valure, reuenge is whatsoeuer we call law or iustice. The farther we wade in reuenge the neerer come we to ye throne of the almightie. To his scepter it is properly ascribed, his scepter he lends vnto man, when he lets one man scourge an other. All true Italians imitate me in reuenging constantly and dying valiantly. Hangman to thy taske, for I am readie for the vtmost of thy rigor. Herewithall[1] the people (outragiously incensed) with one conioyned outcrie, yelled mainely, Awaie with him, away with him, Executioner torture him, teare him, or we will teare thee in peeces if thou spare him.

[1] Herewith all *A*.

The executioner needed no exhortation herevnto, for of his owne nature was he hackster good inough: olde excellent he was at a bone-ach. At the first chop with his wood-knife would he fish for a mans heart, and fetch it out as easily as a plum from the bottome of a porredge pot. He woulde cracke neckes as fast as a cooke cracks egges: a fidler cannot turne his pin so soone as he would turne a man of the ladder: brauely did he drum on this *Cutwolfes* bones, not breaking them outright, but like a sadler knocking in of tackes, iarring on them quaueringly with his hammer a great while together. No ioint about him but with a hatchet he had for the nones he disioynted halfe, and then with boyling lead souldered vp the wounds from bleeding: his tongue he puld out, least he should blaspheme in his torment: venimous stinging wormes hee thrust into his eares to keep his head rauingly occupied: with cankers scruzed to peeces hee rubd his mouth and his gums: no lim of his but was lingeringly splinterd in shiuers. In this horror left they him on the wheele as in hell: where yet liuing he might beholde his flesh legacied amongst the foules of the aire. Vnsearchable is the booke of our destinies, one murder begetteth another: was neuer yet bloud-shed barren from the beginning of the world to this daie. Mortifiedly abiected and danted was I with this truculent[1] tragedie of *Cutwolfe* and *Esdras*. To such straight life did it thence forward incite me, that ere I went out of *Bolognia* I married my curtizan, performed many almes deedes, and hasted so fast out of the *Sodom* of *Italy*, that within fortie daies I arriued at the king of *Englands* campe twixt *Ardes* and *Guines* in *France*: where he with great triumphs met and entertained the Emperour and the French king, and feasted many daies. And so as my storie began with the king at *Turnay* and *Turwin*, I thinke meete here to end it with the king at *Ardes* and *Guines*. All the conclusiue epilogue I wil make is this, that if herein I

[1] trunculent *A and B*.

haue pleased anie, it shall animat mee to more paines in this kind.

Otherwise I will sweare vpon an English Chronicle
neuer to bee out-landish Chronicler more
while I liue. Farewell as many
as wish me well.[1]

FINIS.

[1] *A adds the date, Iune* 27. 1593.

NOTES

The following notes, with some rare exceptions, are intended only for the brief explanation of such terms as might puzzle the average reader of to-day.

Pages 3, 4. This dedication occurs only in *A*, where it is followed by an address ' To the Gentlemen Readers ' which it would be futile to reprint here, as it consists of a list of misprints in two of the early sheets of *A*. Nashe's opening apology is, however, worth quoting for the light it throws on a sixteenth-century author's personal supervision of the passage of his book through the printing-house. It runs thus :—

> *GEntlemen, in my absence (through the Printers ouer-sight and my bad writing) in the leaues of* C *and* D *these errours are ouer-slipt :*

After this address *A* continues with the Induction, etc. as in *B*.

P. **5**, 3–5. *Mumchaunce* and *novum* were games of cards and dice respectively.

P. **5**, 14. *pantofles :* cf. note on 6. 4 *infra*.

P. **5**, 17. *ames ace :* usually the lowest throw of the dice, two aces, as at 58. 20 : here evidently either a game of dice so called from the throw, or a scoffing allusion to dicing, from the unluckiest throw possible.

P. **5**, 19–20. *mace :* a punning allusion to a bailiff's mace or staff of office.

P. **6**, 4. *pantofle :* it appears from this passage that pages shared with Cambridge undergraduates, in Nashe's day, the custom of administering an oath on an old shoe or slipper to freshmen as part of the mock ceremony of initiation.

P. **7**, 6. *Turney and Turwin :* Henry VIII besieged and took Tournay and Térouanne in the late summer of 1513.

P. **7**, 25. *slur a die :* to cheat at dice by throwing so that the die slides and does not turn over.

P. **8**, 27. *iuybush :* then the usual sign of a drinking-house; whence the proverb ' Good wine needs no bush.'

P. **11**, 13. *single mony :* small change.

P. **11**, 25. *in hugger mugger :* in secret.

P. **13**, 14. *snudge :* niggard.

P. **15**, 25. *quater trey :* false dice which turned up three or four more readily than the other faces.

P. **15**, 26. *dead lift :* a supreme effort. This meaning of the phrase is rare, and the only example given in the N.E.D. is from William Morris (1882).

P. **16**, 3–4. *giue . . . entertainment :* a frequent phrase for giving a man a drubbing and turning him out.

P. **16**, 16–17. *high men . . . fullams :* various kinds of false dice.

P. **20**, 32. *Queuela :* Qui va là.

P. **20**, 35. *diuels breeches :* these, as the name suggests, were tight-fitting, unlike the enormously bulky trunk hose of the time, which would have sheltered a whole armoury. The cod-piece (of which a sporran is the nearest modern equivalent) was therefore the only possible lurking-place for a weapon in the Captain's nether garments.

P. **21**, 8. *crosses :* commonly used as the equivalent of ' coins ' for jesting purposes, owing to the crosses stamped on the reverse of many Tudor silver pieces.

P. **23**, 12. *dead-pay :* a dead man's pay, drawn in his name by the clerks : a common enough practice then.

P. **23**, 16. *finigraphicall :* finicking.

P. **25**, 3. *banskin :* leather apron.

P. **25**, 4. *all a more :* presumably *à la mode* Anglicised.

P. **25**, 5. *budge :* ' a kind of fur, consisting of lamb's skin with the wool dressed outwards.'—N.E.D.

P. **26**, 6. *tub :* an allusion to the sweating treatment practised by Elizabethan quacks.

P. **26**, 29. *balls :* tennis balls consisted of a leather cover over a hair stuffing, so that they would naturally be made by glovers.

P. **28**, 7. *Brute :* according to the popular myth of the Trojan colonisation of Britain, Brute, the great-grandson of Aeneas, reigned over England from Troynovant (London).

P. **28**, 22. *the Battell :* of Marignano, near Milan, in 1515.

P. **29**, 33. *Bruers cow :* the cowl of a brewery chimney. ' Cowl ' might also mean a brewer's tub (see next note), but this would hardly be portable enough.

P. **30**, 2. *coole-staues :* a cowl-staff was a pole used for thrusting through the ears of a cowl, or large tub, so that it could be carried between two men.

P. **31**, 11. *set vp his rest :* a frequent metaphor from the game of Primero, in which it means to settle the amount one is prepared to risk on one's cards ; and hence generally, as here, to make up one's mind.

P. **38**, 10. *the mark . . . mouth : i.e.* ' my muse has lost the signs of youth ' ; the metaphor is from the stable.

P. **43**, 19. *pickerdeuant :* peaked beard.

P. **44**, 33. *broccing :* Dr. McKerrow suggests ' broking ' ; Sir Walter Raleigh quotes the passage in modern spelling as ' broaching.'

P. **45**, 8. *troupe :* trope.

P. **45**, 15. *fisgigging :* running about : the word has the same sense as ' gadding.'

P. **45**, 34. *lambs wooll :* a favourite drink in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries ; spiced ale with the pulp of roasted apples floating in it.

P. **46**, 2. *Mæcha :* Mecca, misspelt for the sake of the pun.

P. **47**, 4. *leuell coyle :* the game called by the French *lève-cul.* The N.E.D. derives level-coil from the phrase (*faire*) *lever le cul* (*à quelqu'un*), and defines it as a rough, noisy game in which each player is in turn driven from his seat and supplanted by another : hence = noisy riot. The latter sense, of course, it has here ; but from his use of it I think Nashe had in mind the common Elizabethan sense of ' coil ' as ' row ' or ' hubbub,' and the common meaning of ' level,' and intended to convey that the disputants were equally noisy.

P. **54**, 36. *angell of light :* the usual pun on the coin called an angel is heightened here by a secondary pun on the lightness of counterfeit coin.

P. **55**, 3. *turned ouer :* hung (turned over the edge of the scaffold, or of the tumbril). Cf. l. 11, and also 105. 25–6.

P. **56**, 19. *sheepbiter :* clearly used here in the sense defined by the N.E.D. (with an earliest example from Chapman, 1611) as ' One who runs after " mutton " ; a woman-hunter.'

P. **56**, 27. *old who :* i.e. the right man for the job.

P. **57**, 4. *a bergomast :* Nashe evidently means a Bergamask, i.e. a native of Bergamo, a province of the Venetian state. Possibly the compositor had the word ' burgomaster ' in his mind, and being familiar with ' Bergomask ' only in its secondary sense of a dance copied from the peasants of Bergamo, intelligently corrected the k to t.

P. **58**, 20. *ams ace :* cf. note on 5.17.

P. **60**, 2. *dunstable :* plain.

P. **60**, 10. *hoddie peake :* foolish.

P. **62**, 4. *rubarbe :* bitter.

P. **64**, 21. *aboue Ela :* Ela was the highest note in the Gamut. The N.E.D. quotes Bulwer (1649) : 'Although it [laughter] be at the highest pitch and serued up to the very Eela of mirth, it vanisheth away.'

P. **68**, 4. *bases :* skirts.

P. **69**, 7. *bolne :* swollen, puffed out.

P. **70**, 31. *faburthen :* legend. Nashe is trying to find a different word each time he needs one for the Knights' mottoes, and hence strains 'faburthen' out of its usual sense of 'refrain.'

P. **71**, 10. *slightly :* cunningly.

P. **71**. 12. *spoke :* proverb : cf. note on 70. 31 *supra*.

P. **74**, 27. *coolestaffe :* cf. 30. 2 and note.

P. **75**, 22. *Bazelus manus :* i.e. Farewell. This contraction, variously spelt, of the Spanish *beso las manos* is continually used by Elizabethan writers.

P. **79**, 1. *out it :* probably Dr. McKerrow's conjectural emendation *ouer it* is correct. Grosart conjectured *it out*, which is not unlikely.

P. **80**, 8. *siring-wise :* like a syringe.

P. **80**, 22. *sweete-breathing Panthers :* Nashe may possibly have got this detail, with others on this page, direct from Pliny's *Natural History*, for Philemon Holland's celebrated translation did not appear till 1601. But the qualities of the panther's breath were a commonplace in England long before Holland, and as the allusion does not explain itself, as do most of Nashe's examples from Pliny, it may be worth while to quote from *Bartholomeus* [*Anglicus*] *de proprietatibus rerum*, Book XVIII, Ch. lxxxij [Wynken de Worde's edition, *circa* 1594] :

Phisiologus spekyth of the Pantera & sayth. that he hatith the Dragon : and ye dragon fleeth hym : And whan he hathe ete ynough at full he hydeth hym in his denne & slepith contiuually nye thre dayes : and rysyth after thre dayes & cryeth : And out of his mouth comyth ryghte good ayre & sauour : & is passyng mesure swete : And for the swetnesse all bestys folowe hym / And oonly the dragon is aferde whan he heryth his voys & fleeth in to a denne & maye not suffre the smelle therof : and faylleth in hymself & lesyth his comfort / For he wenyth y^t hys smelle is very venym.

P. **83**, 9. *zanie : femme de chambre* here, though the more usual Elizabethan sense is fool or mimic.

P. **91**, 18. *riding deuice :* running knot.

P. **96**, 5. *gascoynes :* breeches.

P. **96**, 24. *mizers :* 'a kind of sop made with the crumb of bread, etc.'—N.E.D.

P. **97**, 12. *Pitch and pay :* if he pay on the nail.

P. **99**, 4. *oreloope :* the lowest deck, covering in the hold.

P. **99**, 13. *my head sweld and akt :* not from his fall but from the sprouting of a cuckold's horns: the inevitable sign of jealousy in an Elizabethan writer, as in the opening of *The Winter's Tale* and countless other places.

P. **104**, 1. *apple squire :* pimp.

P. **104**, 28. *liripoop :* lesson.

P. **106**, 6–7. *blacke sant :* a hymn addressed to the devil. The black sanctus was usually, if not always, a humorous composition, but Zadoch is serious enough and thinks only of the strict meaning of the phrase.

P. **109**, 28–9. *here in this page :* Dr. McKerrow has called attention to the curious coincidence that in both the editions this sentence actually begins a page. In *B* (set up from the sheets of *A*) this is of course natural enough, but if the place of the sentence in *A* is intentional, it would seem to argue a pretty strict control of the compositor by the author.

P. **111**, 25–6. *Iuliana . . . maide :* Nashe has evidently forgotten the reason for Diamante's travels given on p. 63, ll. 16–18.

P. **113**, 24. *pestred :* crowded.

P. **113**, 35. *mother :* hysterical passion.

P. **119**, 24. *bolne :* swollen.

TEXTUAL EMENDATIONS

THE following list enumerates such obvious misprints in the text as have been corrected in this edition without reference in the footnotes, which have been reserved for textual points worth consideration. The list is of no interest to the ordinary reader, and is given merely as a guarantee that the text has only been altered in cases of evident misprints. Three of the following readings—those which occur at 60. 11, 117. 26, and 117. 34—might perhaps have been tolerated but for the decisive witness of the *A* text against them.

The sign > stands for 'has been emended to.'

Ed. A, page 4, line 18, contiually > continually.

Ed. B, page 10, line 29, ioueneies > iourneies: 13. 18, wili > will: 18. 17, voryest > veryest: 19. 25, Theefore > Therefore: 20. 14, haue haue > haue: 20. 29, whild > while: 23. 16, sinigraphicall > finigraphicall: 26. 27, Mazons > Masons: 28. 26, all all > all: 30. 12, dublot > dublet: 30. 34, thoir > their: 31. 25, *violcnee* > *violence*: 35. 1, thy > they: 35. 28, ouethrow > ouerthrow: 37. 7, *eredunt* > *credunt*: 39. 5, imberd > emberd: 39. 36, puxse > purse: 40. 21, funetall > funerall: 42. 27, parasite > parasites: 42. 33, vy violence > by violence: 42. 36, a nother > an other: 43. 18, *statui* > *statuti*: 43. 33, *montes* > *montis*: 44. 22, *Vanderkulke* > *Vanderhulke*: 45. 16, wili. With > will. With: 49. 33, tuene > tune: 50. 29, *Gdraldine* > *Geraldine*: 51. 14, heneath > beneath: 51. 18, lawee > lawes: 52. 30, steed > stood: 54. 23, so pittifullly > so pittifully: 54. 25, Tares > Tears: 55. 22, eur > our: 55. 24, Engllsh > English: 56. 15, scuh > such: 58. 35, hau > haue: 59. 21, *craspe* > *graspe*: 60. 11, imfamie > infamie: 60. 22, Englnnd > England:

62. 29, thou-hast > thou hast: 63. 4, *Calstaldos* > *Castaldos*: 63. 29, hce > hee: 69. 32, knit > knot: 73. 22, of of > of: 74. 19, sometics > sometimes: 74. 30, obsemed > obserued: 75. 16, on > of: 77. 18, damaunded > demaunded: 78. 5, knnwen > knowen: 78. 19, laden > leaden: 78. 29, scituaton > scituation: 81. 10, and > had: 83. 24, Tben > Then: 85. 14, I I > I: 88. 22, rssing > rising: 89. 8, paradtce is > paradice is: 91. 33-4, greeudusly > greeuously: 92. 16, deafh > death: 97. 19, consanguitie > consanguinitie: 103. 16, if < of: 103. 25, fainted hartedst > faintest hearted: 106. 23, coeniurer > coniurer: 106. 36, shurgging > shrugging: 107. 4, baue > haue: 107. 9, strinkes > stinkes: 108. 16, *Zodoch* > *Zadoch*: 110. 35, dim > him: 111. 28, neceessaryes > necessaryes: 112. 9, fo > to: 113. 7, *Petcrs* > *Peters*: 113. 11, tewels > iewels: 116. 27, doge > dogd: 117. 3, manitaine > maintaine: 117. 26, bodie > bodies: 117. 34, warpt > wrapt: 118. 9, slaughterd > slaughter: 120. 35, openod > opened: 121. 10, vyene > veyne.

Turned letters:

Ed. B, page 11, line 31, outragionsly: 13. 18, ouely: 44. 36, tougne: 45. 3, yon: 46. 6, Iusomuch: 55. 22, ignoraut: 56. 36, compauie: 59. 4, ranishingly: 60. 11, loadiug: 61. 20, learniug: 64. 22, dampt aud: 64, 30, heariug: 66. 30, illnminatiuely: 69. 27, whatsoener: 73. 21, aud scorues: 76. 8, scorpious: 78. 18, superflnities: 96. 20, Conntry: 98. 20, lackiug: 100. 16, goiug: 104. 8, peraduenture: 104. 10, uot: 106. 24, canes: 112. 2, ont: 118. 9, haud: 120. 17, vengeannce: 120. 20, murderons.

Mispunctuation:

Ed. B, page 7, line 3, Chronicles, > Chronicles), : 16. 4, packing, > packing.: 20. 4, mony I > mony. I: 20. 29, examined, > examined.: 44. 32, head, > head.: 44. 34, *bilis* (for > *bilis*) for: 55. 35, cald. > cald).: 65. 7, authorised > authorised.: 66. 29, faire, > faire.: 73. 25, similitude > similitude.: 83. 17, him, > him.: 87. 9, throat. and > throat, and: 88. 33, discourse > discourse.: 97. 1, interpretationa, fine > interpretation, a fine: 98. 19, worth. what > worth; what: 101. 15, there > there.: 108. 13, them > them.: 114. 6, her, legs > her legs: 114. 25, vs > vs.: 116. 26, til. I > til I: 116. 30, speke, with him now > speke with him, now: 117. 14, aske, > aske.: 117. 29, deathes, wounde > deathes-wounde.

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